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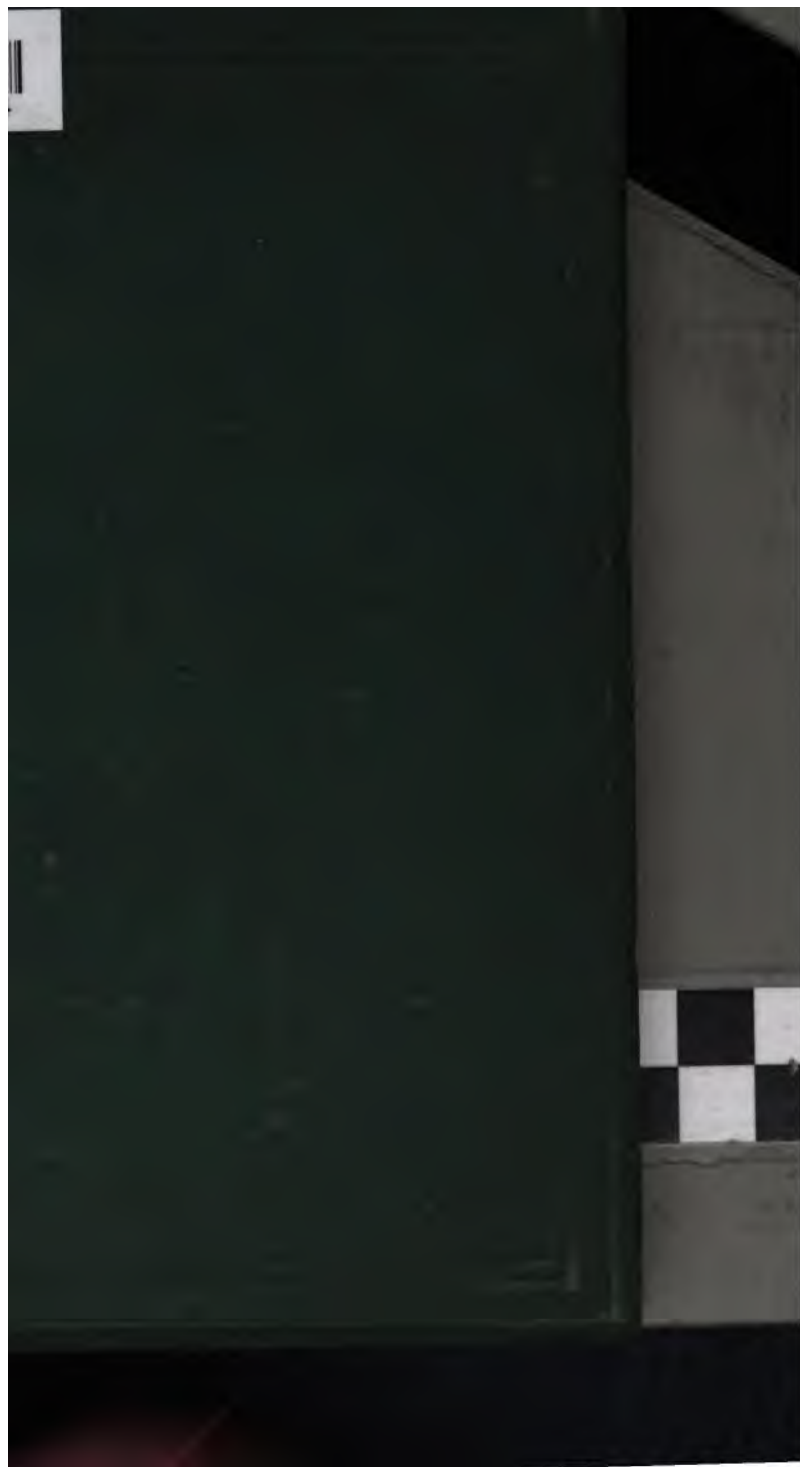
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the 1990s, the number of people in the UK who are aged 65 and over has increased by 1.5 million, and the number of people aged 75 and over has increased by 1.1 million (Office of National Statistics 1999). The number of people aged 85 and over has increased by 0.5 million in the same period.

There is a growing awareness of the need to develop services to meet the needs of the ageing population. The Department of Health (1999) has published a strategy for ageing, which sets out the government's commitment to improve the lives of older people. The strategy is based on three main principles: to promote independence, to support families and carers, and to improve the quality of life of older people.

The strategy also sets out a number of key objectives, including: to reduce the number of people who are dependent on others; to increase the number of people who are able to live independently; to improve the quality of life of older people; to support families and carers; and to improve the quality of care services. The strategy is a key document for the development of services for older people in the UK.

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O'Connell

NBY



CHARLES HEYWOOD,  
Gardner, \* Mass.

Charles Heywood Jr.,  
Gardner,  
Mass

Feb. 28<sup>th</sup> 1883.



STANZAS  
AND  
SKETCHES.

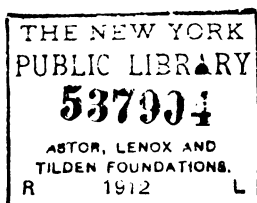
BY

JAMES J. O'CONNELL.

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BROOKLYN :  
JAMES J. O'CONNELL,

1883.



BROOKLYN:  
PRESS OF JAMES J. O'CONNELL.

TO  
JAMES ROSEVELT GLEASON,  
WHO,  
THOUGH HUMAN,  
HAS EVER BEEN MY FRIEND,  
THIS VOLUME  
IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.

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## P R E F A C E .

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IN publishing his first thin volume of *juvenalia*, it is customary for the young author to make this the vehicle for excuses, as though he had been guilty of some crime. In my case, I have no excuse to offer. This volume contains a selection of my contributions to the amateur press during the past two years, and comprises all I desire to preserve. In one respect, I am sure, this little book will be more fortunate than many others of greater pretensions; for, as it will circulate only among my personal friends and fellow-workers in the cause of amateur journalism, I can reasonably expect to carry my readers beyond the preface.

We are told that one can make himself understood much easier, and with fewer words, in conversation than in writing. I have often thought that the reader, however appreciative, can never understand a sentiment so fully as the writer. We have all heard of how the poet, while under the influence of the *divine afflatus*, has torn his hair and foamed at the mouth on being delivered of a happy thought.

But he is indeed fortunate if his words arouse more than a passing feeling in the heart of his reader. To me, these *con amore* articles mean a great deal ; they mean more, perhaps, than I would wish the reader to know. Literature has been my recreation : I have pursued it with the spirit of Spenser's angels, " All for love, and nothing for reward." From necessity, and not inclination, I have been compelled to say with Henry Kirke White :

For me the day  
Hath duties which require the vigorous hand  
Of steadfast application, but which leave  
No deep improving trace upon the mind.  
But be the day another's ; — let it pass !  
The night's my own ! They cannot steal my night !  
When Evening lights her folding star on high,  
I live and breathe ; and in the sacred hours  
Of quiet and repose my spirit flies,  
Free as the morning, o'er the realms of space,  
And mounts the skies, and imps her wing for Heaven.

*Brooklyn, January, 1883.*

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**STANZAS.**



## MAMMON.

A man's a man, for a' that.—BURNS.

OH! mighty Mammon! in thy sway secure,  
Slave of the rich, and monarch of the poor!  
Judge of all men, of all the universe,  
Man's truest friend, and yet his greatest curse:—  
Squandered in youth, to be in old age sought,  
Man loves thee better as his life grows short.

For thee the Bravo plies his barbarous trade,  
Making of life a bloody masquerade.

For thee the Statesman, in his proud array,  
Damns his own name, and falls a willing prey;  
While breaking, where he should sustain, the laws,  
Forsakes his party and his party's cause.  
False to his friends, and toady to his foes,  
Soon he gets rich — but how? — God only knows!

For thee the Preacher in the pulpit stands,  
Opes the wide mouth and waves the grasping hands;  
No more to God his tender flock he leads,  
But loudly fights the Battle of the Creeds;  
See how he stands, all damned except his own —  
A little God upon a little throne!

Full well he feigns the counterfeited tear  
Where Poverty runs shrieking in despair ;  
While the rich wines upon his table spread  
Would clothe the naked, give the hungry bread.

For thee the Maiden spurns her laboring swain,  
Leaves all she loves, and joins the tinselled train  
To dance attendance on some wealthy rake.  
Unmindful she, her honor all at stake,  
Prefers a tawdry and a shameful life,  
Being his mistress, than a poor man's wife.

For thee the Poor Relation, humbly grave,  
Foregoes her freedom and becomes a slave ;  
Soon learns to draw the sympathetic tear  
At her friend's griefs, for sundry pounds a - year.  
Though met by insult, though repulsed with scorn,  
Her pride sore wounded, and her lot forlorn,  
Yet will she flatter ; weaving, as she smiles,  
'A thread of candor with a web of wiles.'

The thin-clad Miser, gloating o'er his store,  
Counts piece by piece, and ever longs for more ;  
Views, with rapt eye, along the glittering hoard,  
And loves it better than he loves his Lord !  
Charmed with the sight, so charming to behold,  
The gold is tarnished, yet it still is gold !  
When lo ! what terror flashes from his eye,  
Bursts in a groan, and withers to a sigh !  
As with his long, attenuated hand  
He plucks one coin from out the chosen band :

---

Sounds on the table the suspicious piece,  
Its worth to test; and, as his fears decrease,  
He rubs it briskly on his shrunken shank,  
And lightly drops it in his stocking - bank.  
Then drawing from amidst his treasures mixed  
A single coin, unto a ribbon fixed;  
Once more he sees the sad and weeping maid  
Who to his care this votive pledge conveyed;  
Once more he grins to see her eyes grow dim —  
Well could he smile—her tears were not for him!  
And as the faded ends of silk unfold,  
He sighs to think that they too are not gold.

Lo! stands the Bard! the Muses weep to see  
Their favored son to Mammon bend the knee;  
When pinched with want, without a friend to soothe,  
The ill-starred poet prostitutes his muse.  
Deserting honor and its kindred ties,  
He, flying from danger, into danger flies;  
And lost to shame, stands at his patron's nod,  
Ready to damn his fellow and his God.  
Yet such the charm, sweet Poetry, is thine!  
Thy grace angelic, and thy voice divine,  
Teach us with pity o'er his faults to scan —  
To love the poet, and forget the man!

Behold the Mistress of the Village School!  
Not the aged dame, by practise skilled to rule,  
But the young nymph who, brought up in the town,  
Left her own home to teach the country clown.

Perverse her act, yet she has cause to show  
Her home unhappy — for she made it so !  
Self-willed herself, and tardy to obey  
Her parents' word ; as obstinate as they,  
Ill could she brook the chiding glance and word  
Received from parents whom she now abhorred.  
Before her class she stands, with opened book,  
Scorn on her lip and anger in her look ;  
Shallow of knowledge, her blear eye must reach  
The answer to the question she would teach !  
And yet, withal, she prospers passing fair —  
'They want no genius, having no genius there !  
Though scorned by many, and esteemed by few,  
Though scholars hate her, yet they fear her too ;  
Still is she happy, and if sometimes sad,  
'Tis to behold a fellow - creature glad !  
Upon the Sabbath to the church she hies,  
Quick with her ears and busy with her eyes ;  
Chanting in concert as the organ plays,  
How God must blush to hear her sing his praise !  
The class is formed ; the answers soon express  
The class knows little and the teacher less :  
For since the day the children met before,  
Not once her eyes have scanned the lesson o'er.  
Yet she instructs them, nor in words concise,  
To follow Virtue and refrain from Vice ;  
Then prays to God their plastic minds to shield  
From Byron, Shelley, Burns, and Chesterfield.  
Till, like herself, the little flock is seen  
All narrow - minded, bigoted and *mean* !

Abashed with fear, not one has pluck to say :  
'What art thou better, meddling fool, than they?'  
For underneath her seeming truth and grace  
Lurks the black heart — no index to the face.  
(Beneath such armor is it strange to find  
The sordid soul and mercenary mind?)  
As she at Mammon's shrine now humbly bows,  
Forsakes her lover and her maiden vows,  
She gives to Virtue one last farewell view,  
And then to Honor bids a long adieu !  
Next she engages — anxious still to rule —  
The aged director of the village school ;  
Though thrice her age, still amorously inclined,  
He, for a foster - father, proves most kind ; —  
And she submits, t' retain her paltry place,  
To his lewd kisses and his foul embrace ;  
And should she sometimes find his passion cold,  
"T would know no limit were he not so old !  
While sharp compunction for her own mistake  
Would break her heart—had she a heart to break !

Mammon ! there is no limit to the crimes  
'That mark thy reign throughout a thousand climes !  
Sly as the serpent doomed for evermore  
To drag its length along the Stygian shore,  
Man sinks beneath the magic of thy spell,  
And hates his fellow — loving thee so well !  
On fertile plains, on barren, desert ground ;  
Upon the rocks where mighty billows bound ;  
'Neath azure skies, and Arctic's frozen zone ;

On lucid streams, and where the tempests moan ;  
Where'er we go — where'er our footsteps stray,  
Mammon ! the Universe bows to thy sway ! —  
Wealth cannot make man happy, it is true ;  
But without wealth, the happy men are few !



### THE HERMIT'S DREAM.

WHERE towering mountains rear their height  
And leap to meet the bending skies ;  
Where halts the eagle in his flight  
To rest, before he onward flies :  
There, shines more bright the starry fleet,  
Where earth and heaven nearest meet.

Far, far remote from human eye,  
Where none save pilgrim ever knelt  
In reverence to Him on high,  
In solitude a Hermit dwelt —  
A penitent, with none to love,  
Who hoped for mercy from above.

He left the busy world below  
To flee the horror of a crime ;  
To hide a ghastly tale of woe  
That stained his very soul. Though time  
Had eased him of the keenest smart,  
Memory kept gnawing at his heart.

His brow was stern, and wrinkled o'er  
With gaping furrows, deeply set ;  
While on his face he constant wore

A gloom that one could ne'er forget —  
A haggard mien that well defied  
The closest cowl or hood to hide !

Vague fears by day, unrest by night,  
Made him grow loathsome to himself !  
Till oft, when paled red Phœbus' light,  
He crawled upon some rocky shelf  
To die, but quailed at the abyss —  
Could any hell be worse than this ?

'T was midnight.—In his narrow cell  
Upon a truss the Hermit lay,  
Where phantoms o'er his slumber fell  
And snatched all hope of peace away !  
He slept, but o'er his sleep there came  
A vision linked with all his shame.

He dreamt he was a boy again,  
A happy, joyous, careless boy ;  
How could he but be jocund, when  
He was his mother's fadeless joy ?  
He lived once more those childhood days  
When angels crowned his brow with bays.

The years rolled on — he was a youth ;  
Buoyed up by thoughts of future fame,  
He rallied round the flag of Truth,  
And hoped to win a lasting name :  
Then he was young, and little knew  
The lamp of Fame but shines for few.

The vision changed — he was in love ;  
All thoughts of fame were then forgot ;  
A star seemed fallen from above,  
And raised him from the common lot :  
Rais'd him so high on Pleasure's throne,  
He scorned to deem the world his own.

O those were lucid intervals !  
When, fleeing from his daily toil,  
They hand in hand paced Fancy's halls,  
With hearts entwined in Cupid's coil :  
The sun shone brighter, and at night  
The moon gave forth a clearer light.

But Mammon thrust his bloodless hand  
And reared a barrier in their love ;  
Hope trembled at the dread command,  
Grew faint, and fled to realms above :  
While Fate's sad curtain softly stole,  
In mantling folds, around his soul.

He felt her ravished from his side,  
He heard her spirit's wild regret,  
He saw her made another's bride,  
He heard her promise to forget —  
Ay, to forget her plighted troth,  
Once pledged to him by lovers' oath.

His spirits fell, but as they sank  
Revenge within his bosom rose ;  
His thirsty, soul full quickly drank

The poison drops that Hate bestows :  
He drank, but could not quench the fires  
Kindled by hate and love's desires.

Had not his rage and hatred stirred  
Conflicting passions in his breast ;  
Had not revenge his spirit lured  
Into a self - deceiving rest,  
The loss of her he held most dear  
Were more than single heart could bear !

Had Death but snatched her from his grasp,  
Then he had bowed to Fate's decree ;  
But to see her in his rival's clasp  
Was worse than any death could be !  
For where'er Death its mantle flings,  
Fond Memory around it clings.

Hate whispered in his eager ear :  
'He stole your bride — she was your life ;  
'Twas he who wedded you to Care  
To make your years with sorrow rife :  
Fear not your chastisement to meet,  
But lay him low — revenge is sweet !'

As winds upon the tinder blow,  
That long a slumbering spark has nursed,  
Will cause the latent flame to glow  
And in a blazing torrent burst ;  
So, on his heart these promptings fell,  
And lashed within his breast a hell.

Urged on by hate, abashed by fear,  
With bated breath, and stealthy tread,  
( Like when a tiger nears its lair )  
He glided toward the bridal bed ;—  
Pity his bosom never knew,  
Since Mercy bade his soul adieu !

Hate aimed so well, no stifled cry  
Followed the movement of the stroke ;  
But from the black o'erarching sky  
The wrath of God in thunder spoke :  
He, by the lurid lightning, saw  
The woman's breast all red with gore ! . . . .

The Hermit woke, but woke to die !  
To feel his life's blood ebb away,  
To welcome with his dying sigh  
The red Aurora of the day :  
For the blade that pierced his loved Celeste  
Had found its sheath within his breast !

## WHAT THE WIND DID.

'Tis an ill wind blows no one good.

### I.

It roused the waters of the ocean  
And lashed the waves in wild commotion,  
And on the rocks it cast  
A gallant ship, now homeward bound ;  
The spars it crushed with mournful sound,  
And terrifying blast.

### II.

The swaying masts went by the board,  
By cruel rocks the hull was gored,  
And on the storm-bound air  
Re-echoed far and wide the wail  
Of tortured souls, above the gale —  
Distress was everywhere !

### III.

Before its breeze securely ran,  
From foreign climes, the merchantman,  
Unto her moorings free ;  
Restored the sailor to his bride,  
Made glad the cheerless fireside  
With festival and glee.

## IV.

With humming sound the fresh wind flings  
Around the windmill's mighty wings,  
With eager pace and swift ;  
It grinds the harvest of the fields,  
To rich and poor its bounty yields  
With lavish hand — yet thrift.

## V.

It filled the child's heart with delight  
To have it waft his playful kite  
Far up into the sky ;  
Where, like a fettered bird, it strove  
To free itself, and ever rove  
Once more the welkin high.

## VI.

Athwart the church-yard's sacred ground,  
With many a melancholy sound,  
Its whispering murmurs spread ;  
To chant in the voice of the unseen choir,  
All pregnant with the sobbing lyre,  
A requiem o'er the dead.

## VII.

Let not a man lament his lot,  
Nor think his life is but a blot  
Upon the scroll of Fame :  
The hand that dealt his keenest grief  
May soon reveal another leaf  
Embellished with his name.

## DERELICTION.

Love still a boy, and oft a wanton, is. — SIR PHILIP SYDNEY.

**L**ONG years had vanish'd ere their love took flight  
From its close prison — like unto the morn  
That grows in splendor from the dying night ; —  
A friendship perished, but a love was born !

It was a little rosy boy and fair,  
Most delicate and fragile was its frame ;  
But from their hearts, so loving, breathed an air  
That nurtured it, and fanned the sacred flame.

They saw it wax in strength from day to day,  
And they were wondrous happy in the sight ;  
For when it smiled, it drove their cares away ;  
But when it frowned, their day was turned to night.

This love that gained possession of their hearts,  
And charmed to sweet repose their twofold souls,  
Was innocent of guile, and of the arts  
And misery that jealousy unfolds.

But they were far too happy in their love  
To live forever thus ; the moon, at times,  
Serenely sailing through the sky above,  
Shines bright to some, but dim to other climes.

A cloud came o'er the welkin of their joy, .  
And sunk his star of fortune in despair ;  
Robed in a veil of black their cherished boy —  
So black, not even Love could enter there !

The cloud that crossed the sunshine of their peace  
Was one who envied them their happiness ;  
Who planned, with deep manœuvrings to decrease  
Their joy, and plunge their hearts into distress.

He was one of the many men who take  
A sordid pleasure, and a savage joy,  
In sowing seeds of discord and mistake  
Atween those hearts whose love knew no alloy.

An unseen power aided in his suit !  
Their darling boy, erstwhile so full of glee,  
Soon died and turned to ashes, like the fruit  
That floats upon the breast of the Dead Sea.

How diff'rent feels the object from the cause  
Of woman's perfidy ! He who succeeds,  
Smiles o'er his triumph, greets her with applause,  
Unmindful of the broken heart that bleeds.

O woman ! graced with charms to catch the eye !  
And subtle power to ensnare the heart !  
Yet, whilst as fickle as an April sky,  
An ever-willing slave at Mammon's mart.

### IMPRISONED.


I SPIED beneath a grove of yielding yews  
A tiny flower ;  
And wondered how so dainty bud could choose  
So mean a bower.

It looked so lonely, all bereft of kin,  
I dug it up ;  
And, going to my chamber, placed it in  
A crystal cup.

Upon the window - sill, where shone the sun,  
My floweret stood ;  
And as its leaves unfolded, one by one,  
My solitude

Seemed penetrated by their odors sweet,  
When, at the dawn,  
With half - awakened eyes, I turned to greet  
The day new - born.

I learned to love that floweret with a love  
My youth had known ;  
'Twas strange so small a thing my heart could move,  
Now callous grown.



But as my happiness increased, I saw  
Its little heart  
Sink slowly into sadness ; while a hoar  
Spread round each part.

And as it slowly withered, day by day,  
With plea devout  
My plant, like Sterne's sad starling, seemed to say :  
' Let me get out ! '

I saw it fade away, as fades a dream  
We dream by day —  
One of those visionary views that seem  
Too bright to stay.

Until at last that tiny, tender crest,  
Once turned toward me,  
Sank tired and meekly on the Parent's breast —  
My flower was free !

Alas ! how many like that simple flower  
From lonely place  
Are taken, and wear out the gilded hour  
In crystal vase ;

Nor know, till late, 't is better we dwell free  
In lonely vale,  
Than in some fretted, pompous page to be  
A gilded tale.

## THOUGHTS OF THE HOLIDAYS.

To meet, to know, to love — and then to part,  
Is the sad tale of many a human heart. — COLERIDGE.

THE lazy breeze is whispering overhead,  
As in my hammock, swinging to and fro,  
I lift Oblivion's veil from off the dead,  
And view the friends I knew so long ago.

While half - asleep, indulging in day - dreams  
Of airy castles when my ship comes home,  
Upon the beach a lovely figure seems,  
Like Aphrodite, rising from the foam.

I look again — ah, me ! I know that face,  
Those laughing eyes, those chubby arms that brave  
The power of Neptune, as, with peerless grace,  
She leaps into the close-embracing wave.

As two lone birds, in unfamiliar wood,  
Both seeking rest, yet both inclined to love,  
By meeting oft, disdain their solitude,  
And tune their mingled lay along the grove ;

So we, who fled the busy haunts of men  
To seek communion with the lovelier clime,  
By casual meetings in some brake or glen,  
Our solitude was robbed of its sublime.

Sweet were the kisses that I might have had !  
And oh ! how kind the words I might have said !  
But with those words I never dared to clad  
The hidden meaning we both plainly read.

The engine whistles ; now her hand in mine  
Confiding rests. The words that I would say  
Freeze on my lips, and then my dream divine  
Has, like the summer, gently passed away.

## LINES,

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND, ON HIS ADVISING THE  
AUTHOR TO MINGLE MORE IN SOCIETY.

Count o'er the joys thine hours have seen,  
Count o'er thy days from anguish free,  
And know, whatever thou hast been,  
'T is something better not to be. — BYRON.

**R**EFRAIN, dear Jim, and ask me not  
To mingle in the haunts of men ;  
The past, which I would wish forgot,  
Would only be recalled again.

Why should I join the surging throng,  
To prey upon my fellow - men ?  
Why should I struggle with the strong,  
To perish in the human fen ?

I was not born to trample down  
My fellows in an humble sphere ;  
I could not brook the curse and frown  
The usurer meets everywhere.

I hate the noisy paths of life,  
The vacant laugh, the hollow praise ;

I hate the base, ignoble strife  
To which mankind devote their days.

Nor think it strange that I should say  
New scenes could not abate my sorrow ;  
I know that e'er so sad to - day,  
My heart will sadder be to - morrow.

To all my faults no malice add —  
Not I alone the past may rue —  
What boots it, when my heart is sad,  
To know that she is wretched, too ?

None but the meanest soul can take  
A morbid pleasure in the thought  
That, though his heart is fit to break,  
His grief, compared with some, is naught.

I will not call the world unkind,  
Nor stop to haggle with my fate ;  
What I had wished I could not find,  
Which now, if found, would be too late.

New friends and joys I can resign,  
Without regret, or sigh, or pain,  
Content to know what once were mine,  
Can never more be mine again.

## CAMOËNS.

He was, in sooth, a genuine bard :  
His was no faint, fictitious flame :  
Like his, may love be thy reward,  
But not thy hapless fate the same.—BYRON.

[ The closing scene in the life of Camoens, who is fitly termed the Shakespeare of Portugal, was an unparalleled exhibit of ingratitude. After devoting his life to elevating his country's belles-lettres, he was left to die of penury and disease in an alms-house. Antonio, a former slave, did much to dissipate his sufferings, but was unable to stem the current of his master's adversity.]

ANTONIO, my true and only friend,  
Slave of my youth—friend of my slow decay ;  
Weep not for me that this should be my end,  
But let all Lisbon hear my dying lay.

O curse of pomp ! ingratitude of man !  
Yet still I love thee, Lisbon, still I love !  
O natal land, where erst my muse began  
To teach me how the angels sang above.

When I was young, and in my vernal prime,  
I scaled the summit of Fame's jagged steep ;  
But Fortune fled me with fast - fleeting Time,  
And left a wreck upon a lampless deep.

This Fame is but a hollow, nameless thing,  
The shadow of the substance I would crave —  
A luring serpent, with a deadly sting, —  
A marble slab above a lowly grave.

*Omit* / Now aged with care, and tortured by disease,  
With stooping form and tottering steps, I go  
From door to door, and bend, with servile knees  
To those who were my friends not long ago.

The light of death is in mine eyes, I feel  
Its sable mantle spreading over me ;  
Before thy shrine, dear Lethe, now I kneel —  
O Death ! twice - welcome Death. I fly to thee !

WHILE THE TEAR IN THINE EYE.

**W**HILE the tear in thine eye now so well is  
revealing  
The inward emotions thy tongue dare not speak;  
Believe me, 't is useless thy passion concealing —  
Thy love is betrayed by the blush on thy cheek.

It is vain to repress the hot tear that is starting,  
For fear that thy secret should thus be confest ;  
For the tremulous feeling evinced at our parting,  
Betrays the warm passion that throbs in thy breast.

But grieve not, fair maiden, that I should discover  
The bud that was blooming alone in thy heart ;  
Ne'er should a sweet rose be condemned to uncover  
Its beauties to view — but to live all apart.

Though the chain which now binds us together may  
lengthen,  
Since Fate hath decreed that I wander from thee ;  
May each link that I drag in my pilgrimage  
strengthen  
The votive affection now cherished for me.

### ANACREONTIC.

**F**ILL high the bowl ! Farewell to sorrow !  
Farewell to every carking care !  
'The heart that dreads the coming morrow,  
Hath made its sorrows double here !

Let every cup be over-laden  
With rosy grapes' most fragrant dew ;  
We'll pledge a toast to every maiden,  
To every maiden, false and true.

Aye, pledge the maids who loved us kindly,  
Nor scorn the nymphs who spurned our flame,  
Nor chide ourselves for loving blindly,  
Since constancy is but a name.

So we will drink and sing in chorus  
To those who never gave us pain —  
Those kindred souls who went before us —  
And, drinking, have them back again !

Then, whilst their spirits hover round us,  
We'll live our happier moments o'er,  
And bless the vines that now surround us  
With all those joys that are no more !

### AFTER MANY YEARS.


**A**ND do you think, my boy,  
Now years have passed away,  
That she, in all her joy,  
Ever recalls the day

When her young heart turned cold  
And spurned old friends for new,  
When she sold her love for gold,  
And sold her body, too?

And yet, as this world goes,  
She had not acted vile;  
And, save herself, none knows  
Of the pain behind her smile.

I met her here to - night,  
But there was naught to show  
That we, as we stood in the light,  
Had been lovers long ago.

'T is many a year since then !  
My friends? Oh, where are they ?  
The boys have grown to men,  
And the men have passed away.



Yet, had I never ranged,  
I now might feel as you ;  
But all I knew is changed,  
And all I see is new.

She had all she longed - for here :  
I looked into her face,  
But she did not seem so fair  
For all her jewels and lace.

With youth's departing day  
Beauty had fled her face,  
And time had taken away  
What art could never replace.

I heard her voice in the throng —  
And it seared my heart with nard —  
Like the long - forgotten song  
Of some once - remembered bard.

It all came back to me then,  
Unobscured by the dust of the past,  
And she seemed the same, as when  
I looked and saw her last.

The years had rolled away,  
The wrinkles left my brow,  
My hair no more was gray,  
As I heard her maiden vow.

A gush of tenderness  
Athwart my breast did dart,  
As in one wild caress  
I strained her to my heart.

And then the vision fled,  
Leaving a cureless pain,  
For my early love was dead,  
And I was old again.

### A SHELL.

**I** SAW a blushing shell upon the shore  
And, stooping, held it to mine ear ; it gave  
A sweet and purling sound, as though it bore  
The echo of the far - receding wave.

It was a sound I ne'er before had heard,  
Like joy and sorrow melting in one sigh ;  
It was a sound as of a lonely bird,  
So sweet, yet sad — a melancholy cry.

I thought if it were like the syrens' choir  
That oft had led the mariner to his doom ;  
That filled his anxious heart with vain desire,  
But to betray him to a lampless tomb.

Yet whilst I mused in meditative mind,  
No melancholy bodings could dispel  
My fervent fancies, for I learned to find  
The voice of Nature in that tiny shell.

### THE CYNIC TO HIS BOOKS.

**A**S one who, young in years, yet old in grief,  
Hath lost all hope, from seeing all his aims  
And cherished yearnings perish in the flames  
Of circumstance — for which there's no relief;  
As one who, sought a friend to find a foe,  
And learnt to love to learn that love was frail,  
Hath still some years, ere death's relentless flail  
Will mark him for its own and lay him low:  
'T was thus, dear books, with heavy heart and sad,  
I turned to ye for consolation's balm, —  
Like shipwreck'd mariner, grateful for the calm  
That nursed his life when 'reft of all he had, —  
For though ye cannot ease me of the past,  
Ye still will be my friends, and faithful to the last.

BYRON.

UNHAPPY bard ! whose aim to raise mankind  
Above the brute - like level where they toil  
And sell their souls to treasure up such spoil  
As brings them opulence, but palls the mind ;  
By such as those thy talents are defin'd  
As ill - employed. They, viper - like, uncoil  
And sting thy noble spirit. The turmoil  
Aroused by such a horde is like the wind  
Howling against the Hand that gave it power.  
Thy heart, to which no mother's love was given,  
Immortal words left to thy fellow - men ;  
For what ? — to be despised ! In Grecian bower  
Thy hand was stilled in death, to sway in heaven,  
And guide the angel of celestial pen.

STANZAS TO MYRA.

**F**AIR girl, why should a crimson blush  
O'erspread the whiteness of thy cheek?  
'T is vain, indeed, to strive to crush  
The secret which thy heart would speak.

The rising zone, the downcast eye,  
The trembling lips so closely prest,  
'To hide the inward tearless sigh,  
Betray the secret in thy breast.

When love o'erflows the conscious heart  
A silent tongue can ne'er eclipse,  
Or bid its influence to depart —  
'T is in the eye, though closed the lips.

### HOW GAY ARE THE SPIRITS.

**H**OW gay are the spirits when love is just dawning  
Within the recess of a maiden's warm breast !  
When love, like the pearly dew-drops of the morning,  
Awakes all the slumbering beauties from rest.

'Then the satyrs of love with new pleasures surround her,  
'Till she soars in an atmosphere calm and serene ;  
They transport her to heaven, from the earth  
where they found her,  
There, to wander about in a fairy-like scene.

But love is a passion at best evanescent,  
A feeling of pleasure that's born but to die ;  
So deceiving in youth, and when life is senescent,  
It flies from our grasp, and but leaves us a sigh.

O farewell to the joy and the balm of affection,  
Her bright dream of love has now vanished for aye ;  
Foul jealousy plunged her young heart in dejection,  
And spread a black cloud o'er a glorious day !

### SUNRISE.


**B**RIGHTER grows the summer landscape,  
Lighter shades proclaim the morn ;  
Dismal night has slowly vanished —  
Soon another day will dawn.

From their nests among the tree - tops,  
Jocund birds in plumage gay  
Send throughout the air so sweetly  
Carols to the infant day.

In the east a radiant halo  
Hovers o'er the rising sun,  
Lighting up the hills and valleys  
As the day has just begun.

Now old Sol is o'er the mountains,  
Lapping up the evening dew ;  
Lovely flowers from reposing  
Ope their clusters into view.

In the farm - yard cocks are crowing  
Hearty welcomes through the air ;  
Flocks of ducklings breast the streamlets ;  
Innocence and peace are there !



Sad and lonely would this sphere be  
If the sun did not appear,  
Like a man without a purpose —  
Full of anxious doubt and fear.

## THE SUICIDE.

THE angry waves roll up, and seem to say :  
‘Come here and seek thy rest ;  
This world is but the dark night of the day  
Death bringeth the distrest.’

I weary of this fickle world and life,  
With all its cares and pain,  
Its endless troubles and its ceaseless strife —  
To live seems all in vain.

I toil unaided and receive no joy ;  
My heart, no longer brave,  
Succumbs to those grim bodings that destroy  
The terrors of the grave.

’T is Lethe’s stream I see before mine eyes  
Beyond the ocean wild ;  
’T will bear me safely to that Paradise  
I dreamt of when a child.

### VOILA TOUT.

**B**Y the stars that were shining above her,  
She swore she would ever be true ;  
Till, though cynic, she taught him to love her  
With a love that is nurtured by few :  
And she showed him the faults he was heir to,  
As only a girl's love can show,  
Till his life was but happy when near to  
The one he once thought was his foe.

But, oh ! how could he trust in a woman,  
Or how could her love he believe,  
When his soul told him all were but human,  
And their love but a snare to deceive !  
For a change soon came over his being —  
A change he could never forget —  
For the love that had kept him from seeing,  
Like the sun in the heavens, had set.

And he saw that his whole life was blighted,  
And the love of his soul was ignored ;  
For the vows that her false heart once plighted,  
Had vanished — to ne'er be restored.

Though the rage of the tempest is over,  
And his heart to its fate is resigned,  
Every thought of the past must discover  
The vestige it never can blind.

## CHILD OF NATURE.

A violet by a mossy stone,  
Half-hidden from the eye !  
—Fair as a star, when only one  
Is shining in the sky.—WORDSWORTH.

O CHILD of Nature ! Simple maid !  
With heart so pure, by God's behest,  
That to its depths no cares invade,  
To rob thee of a moment's rest :  
Thou art so happy in thy glee,  
How all mankind must envy thee !

Thou art, in sooth, a favored child,  
When linked to Virtue, side by side,  
Thou rovest through the woodlands wild  
With gay - voiced songsters for thy guide :  
So kind, so gentle, and so free,  
How all mankind must envy thee !

Into thy heart no Vanity  
Hath ever yet maintained its way ;  
Nor Pride, curse of humanity !  
Hath planted its ignoble sway,  
To make thee what most women be —  
How all mankind must envy thee !

O Child of Nature ! Child of God !  
Thou well deservest such a name ;  
Who e'er in Virtue's pathway trod,  
Must win an everlasting fame ;  
With such an immortality,  
How all mankind must envy thee !

### THE FIRST SNOW.

THE virgin flakes fell thick and fast  
Upon the barren ground ;  
The angry storm, in fretful blast,  
Then whirled them all around.

The stately poplars in the wood  
Took color from the clouds,  
And in the gloaming silent stood  
Like dead men in their shrouds.

The flakes hung o'er the river's breast  
In fear to take the plunge,  
Until at last they sank to rest  
Like rain - drops on a sponge.

Upon the road a carpet white  
By ruthless winds was strewn,  
As though to hide from Heaven's sight  
Man's misery and ruin.

O Snow ! so spotless at thy birth !  
By gelid tempests tost,  
Till landed on this wicked earth,  
Thy purity is lost.

ANNIE.

**S**OFTLY the bell is pealing,  
Gently the waves are stealing,  
Love's lips the wind is sealing, —  
Annie is born !

Gayly the bell is ringing,  
Bright sprays the waves are flinging,  
Carols the wind is singing, —  
Annie is married !

Lowly the bell is tolling,  
Sadly the waves are rolling,  
Lonely the wind is strolling, —  
Annie is dead !

TO A FRIEND.

**T**HOU art so young, and yet so sad,  
I dread to think what thou wilt be  
When Time will other sorrows add  
To flood thy brimming destiny.

And yet, perchance, I do thee wrong,  
Whom I should strengthen and protect,  
In prophesying of the throng  
Of coming cares, thou wouldst reject.

For why should I, with doubts and fears,  
Thus load thine overburdened breast,  
When there is comfort in our cares  
To know whatever is, is best?

But I, nor can I tell thee why,  
Have sometimes thought 't is best to know  
That, when we would, we can not die,  
Nor live again the long ago.

Yet Hope, with many a cheerful ray,  
Adorns the shade of many a sorrow;  
And when we may be blithe to-day,  
What boots it to foresee the morrow?

Howe'er that be, live on in hope,  
In faith and hope thy trust repose ;  
For shouldst thou strive with Fate to cope,  
Thou 'lt but augment thy weighty woes.

### HOPE.

WHEN summer skies take on a wintry hue,  
And thunder claps awake the sleepy sea,  
When liquid mountains hide our bark from view,  
We turn to thee.

When fickle Fortune, by invidious arts,  
Hath led us onward to some victory,  
Then left us in despair : with yearning hearts  
We turn to thee.

When Fate relentless drives our Ship of Life  
A hapless wreck upon a sunless sea,  
With sinking spirits, overcharged with strife,  
We turn to thee.

When Death is sitting on our window - sill,  
And beckons us unto our destiny :  
Though life is fleeting fast away, still, still  
We turn to thee.

## SNOW - BOUND.


( IN IMITATION OF WOLFE. )

NOT a star is seen, not a moonbeam shines,  
As on to the homestead he hurries ;  
Not a sound does he hear, save the shrouded pines  
As they groaning wave in the flurries.

He thinks of the friends he is going to meet,  
Of the father and mother who love him ;  
And he gives not a care for the wind and the sleet,  
Nor the blinding snow above him.

Lonely and slowly he staggers on,  
With the face of his mother before him,  
Till he sinks in his tracks, all tired and wan,  
'Neath that sleep whence no care could restore him.

They waited and watched for the night to depart :  
In the gray of the morning they found him ;  
They thought him asleep, but that poor young heart  
Was as cold as the snowflakes around him.



## THE DEATH OF LOVE.

WHAT means this frown, this callous look,  
This cold and haughty greeting?  
Can love like ours, that ne'er could brook  
An angry word, be fleeting?  
Thou smilest still, but in thy smile  
No old-time love is beaming;  
While e'en thy laugh is filled with guile —  
Can Love be dead, or dreaming?

It is not dead, nor doth it dream,  
But clustered close around it,  
A thousand bitter memories seem  
Closing their links to bound it;  
Dulling the heart to former joy,  
Recalling only sorrows,  
They rouse a tempest to destroy  
The calm of future morrows.

Hath absence made thy love grow less?  
Hath distance made it glimmer?  
Or hath another's soft caress  
Caused the old flame to simmer?

Whate'er it be, there is no love  
Like that of yore about thee —  
A love that breathed of all above,  
And made me scorn to doubt thee.

Thine arms are round my neck again,  
Thy lips to mine are pressing ;  
But love hath fled, and only pain  
Wells in thy false caressing.  
Call *this* not love — profane it not,  
Deceit can ne'er deceive me ;  
So let it die — alone, forgot,  
But ask me not to shrive thee.

## LINES,

SUGGESTED BY READING A VOLUME OF ANONYMOUS  
POEMS.

THE greatest heroes have been never sung !  
The noblest deeds have unrewarded been !  
Worth shrinks from converse with the Babel tongue,  
And blighted genius dies, unhonored and unseen.

The vernal Mayflowers trail their length along,  
Spreading their creeping fragrance as they go ;  
Far from the casual eye, and gaping throng,  
They blush in modesty beneath the chilling snow.

Amid the clash of arms, the battle's roar,  
Where heroes struggle for their leader's fame,  
Far in the van some stoic soul will soar,  
And pierce the hostile ranks, to die without a name.

There is a greater glory than the praise  
The vulgar crowd bestows ; by him possessed,  
Who makes an old age of his younger days,  
Forsaking all he loves at Duty's stern behest.

## STANZAS.

WRITTEN IN A VOLUME OF GOLDSMITH'S POEMS.

SWEET Bard ! O would my Muse but aim  
To lofty flights, its strain would rise  
To waft an anthem, in your name,  
On aerial pinions to the skies !

For you first taught my soul to feel  
The grandeur of the sacred Nine ;  
And led me, proselyte, to kneel  
In worship at the Muses' shrine.

Though you are dead, your glorious name  
Grows brighter as each cycle flies ;  
While you but left your earthly frame  
To find an Auburn in the skies !

### KISMET.

**M**Y guiding star was clear and bright  
When at its birth,  
But Fate eclipsed its lustrous light,  
In ruthless mirth.

I saw it struggle in its thrall —  
My star was dead !  
It chilled my heart, and over all  
A gloom was spread.

Now, like a mastless hull, I float  
On Life's deep sea ;  
While Fate's simoons, with angry throat,  
Blow down on me.

### THE PHARISEE.

**M**ETHINKS there must be something wrong  
In all his worshipping and praying,  
That it should make him ever long  
To be upon his fellows preying.

For when he goes to church and kneels,  
A look of godly mien he's wearing ;  
Yet when at home he seldom feels  
The gospel's truth when he is swearing.

But then he is not what he seems !  
A dove by day, at night a raven ;  
He damns the needy in his dreams,  
And is at heart at best a craven.

Yet still he hopes to go to heaven,  
Though all the poor have learned to fear him ;  
Should heaven to such a wretch be given,  
No honest man could bear be near him.

### THE ROBIN.

**A** ROBIN came to my window - sill,  
And tapped at the pane with his hungry bill;  
Where he seemed, as he rapped with his wings apart,  
To keep time to the throbs of his beating heart.

I opened the window, and said, ' Little bird,  
How comes it in winter your notes are still heard,  
While all your companions have fled to the clime  
Of the cedar and myrtle, and cypress and lime ? '

' Oh, why should I fly from the land of my birth,  
Though I perish of want in the wintery dearth,  
When all that is nearest and dearest to me  
Is the nest we have built in the old apple tree ?

' There, I and my mate in sweet harmony live,  
Nor complain of the seasons, whatever they give ;  
' Tho' bleak blows the blast in December's chill hour,  
The sweeter, in contrast, come sunshine and flower.

' Vain mortal, called man, take a lesson from me —  
Be content with your station, whatever it be ;  
What boot foreign glory and riches to you,  
If the scenes that you cherish have faded from view !'

### MY LADY, PLAYING.

**S**HE swept the keys with aspen fingers,  
And drove the nervous strain along ;  
Still in my mind the music lingers,  
Sweet as the bard's unuttered song.

Then changed it to an icy pealing :  
Cold as the player was the tone  
That came upon my spirit stealing,  
Until I felt I was *alone* !

Once more it changed ; so low and tender,  
Throbbing with love the music sighed.  
My arm around her waist so slender  
Irresistibly began to glide.

On went the strain, still more beguiling,  
A ditty of the golden age ;  
Until her head she lifted, smiling,  
And said, ' Will you please turn the page ? '

LINES,

FOR A LADY'S ALBUM.

TO thee I send,  
My faithful friend,  
These unassuming verses ;  
That they may tend  
Our hearts to blend  
More close through life's reverses.

Oh, may the day  
Be far away  
When thou and I must sever ;  
Had I my way,  
I well might say,  
I wish it would be never !

RONDEAU.

**F**AREWELL ! and think of me, when thou  
Art happy as thou used to be,  
Ere carking Care upon thy brow  
Had set its hand. Thou wert to me  
One lifted from the vulgar crowd —  
A lily fair that floats above  
The stagnant waters of its shroud —  
But it were sin that we should love ;  
Farewell, and think of me !

## VANITIES IN VERSE.

### A SIMILE.

**A**S a dew - drop, fresh from heaven, will impart  
A new - born vigor to the withered leaf ;  
So a tear, the liquid language of the heart,  
Revives the languid bosom from its grief.

### LOVE AND JEALOUSY.

She built a fairy boat for him,  
For sails it bore a snow-white dove ;  
She rigged it with her golden hair,  
And, siren - like, she called it *Love*.

The sky was clear, the zephyrs light,  
They sailed serenely o'er the sea,  
Till a storm arose, and they were wrecked  
Upon the shoal of jealousy.

For love is far too fair a thing  
To live without some bitter foes ;  
And jealousy to purest love,  
Is what the thorn is to the rose.

## WISHES.

May sorrow weave a slender chain  
Around thee of her sordid strife,  
So thou mayst know enough of pain,  
To keenly feel the joys of life.


In eastern skies there is a star,  
That brightens as its end draws near ;  
So may the joys of thy life far  
Increase with each successive year.

## TO MYRA.

Thine eye is like a lonely star that gleams  
Apart amidst the ether of the sky ;  
An orb that sheds such iridescent beams  
Could ill reflect a melancholy sigh.  
I pray, fair girl, that to thy heart there come  
No pangs to wring thy bosom with a sigh ;  
For Care would be a Gorgon to benumb  
The lustrous light of thy seraphic eye !

## THE LOVER'S PHILOSOPHY.

As his heart had not known a pain  
Ere the unlucky moment he met her,  
He knew he'd be happy again,  
As soon as he learned to forget her !



## HOPE.

Hope is a bubble on the tide of life,  
Which larger grows with each succeeding year ;  
When punctured by drear Fate's impending knife,  
It bursts and leaves the heart in blank despair.

As when we woo a fickle maiden's heart,  
We learn to love it but to be deceived ;  
When Hope's delusive star we see depart,  
We sigh that it was not all we believed.

## TO L —.

Poor girl, I 'm really grieved to hear  
You deem a kiss a senseless token ;  
But when you say you could not bear  
To kiss a man, I really swear  
Such nonsense should remain unspoken.  
A kiss is nice — why feign to hide it ?  
Miss Prue, I guess you 've never tried it !

## THE POET.

Ask him to sing of sunny skies,  
Of nymphs, of wines, of laughing eyes ;  
Ask him to paint fair eastern scenes —  
But do not ask him what he means !

## LINES.

Love is a little rosy - visaged boy,  
Who lights the soul up with his subtle beam ;  
He holds the heart in thralldom with his joy,  
Then steals away as softly as a dream.

But scarcely has young Cupid from us fled  
Than grim misgivings throng upon the mind,  
Like recollections of a dream long dead,  
Like idle leaves that rustle in the wind.

## TEARS.

Oh, think not tears will cause unrest,  
Nor that they 're shed in vain ;  
'The tears that wring the anxious breast  
Relieve it of its pain.

As summer clouds, in noonday's tide,  
Obscure the welkin's sheen ;  
Will only meet, to then divide,  
And show the sun between !

## THE CHEMIST.

When tired of life the chemist took  
Some poison as a last resort ;  
Who, strange to say, though he was dumb,  
Was yet the best at a retort.

SKETCHES.



## THE PLEASURES OF SOLITUDE.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,  
Thus unlamented let me die,  
Steal from the world, and not a stone  
Tell where I lie. — POPE.

A DISREGARD for the pomp and vanities of this world is seldom cherished in an ignoble mind. It is the nature of man to desire to raise himself above the lot in which he has been cast. Man is selfish ; he thinks but of himself. If he helps his fellow, it is only unintentionally. But for this the laws of Nature provide. The architect improves the world, not for the sake of the world, but because he is benefited thereby. The laborer, in turn, is aided by the architect, not through any compassion for his less fortunate fellow - creature, but because his labor is useful to him. Thus, from the highest to the lowest rank in life, each man works for the benefit of his fellow as well as for himself. It is for this reason that we are endowed with Ambition — that insatiable longing after a visionary happiness. For how little is the power of a monarch over his meanest subject, when compared with that of the Infinite Being,

who keeps the world revolving through space, and directs the course of the sun, of the moon, and of the stars !

But, on account of inherent ambition, the higher rank a man attains in this life, the better pleased is he with himself ; yet, as this passion is increased by success, he can never be satisfied. To be sure, it must be admitted that some men are content with their lot, but they are generally the lowest order of the *genus homo*, devoid of the 'cardinal virtue that spurs men on to daring and noble deeds. In fact, they are little removed from the brute creation. When ambition is unusually developed, it is called genius. A man so endowed by nature is conscious of his own power in a certain direction. His whole life is bent on the one object. It robs him of the virtue of perseverance. He is not content with plodding on, rising step by step ; instead of commencing at the foot of Parnassus, he directs his flight towards the pinnacle. But his fate rests with the world ; and the opinion of the world is often wrong. Sometimes posterity corrects the judgment, but too late to repair the injury. George Villiers has said that there is nothing so dangerous as extraordinary virtues ; and he surely wrote from conviction. Extraordinary and unappreciated virtues were the means of breaking the hearts of Keats, of Chatterton, of Shelley, and of Burns. Byron's constitution was different. He combated the world's indifference —

and he conquered it ; but he was never happy. What the world gave him, it gave with reluctance. He despised it as one does a cowed cur. He had nothing left to live for ; he grew reckless, and expired on the battlefield of liberty.

As I have remarked, only noblest minds disregard the pomp and vanities of this world. The more a man reads, the more conversant he becomes with the treachery and depravity of human nature. Should he have personal experience to ruminate upon, he becomes only the more convinced. There can be no doubt but that the aphorism,

“ An honest man’s the noblest work of God,”

is as true now as when Pope wrote it nearly one hundred and fifty years ago ; for our great moral poet did not use the word honesty in its narrow and conventional form, but to the fullest extent of its meaning. A man may be upright in financial matters, and yet be a great scoundrel. He alone is an honest man whose integrity is unimpeachable, and who has never sacrificed his principles to interest.

Taking it for granted, that no man is satisfied with his own condition, but, on account of an innate passion of ambition, is ever striving to promote himself ; we can readily see that the more unprincipled a man is, the greater advantage he will take of his fellow. In this world, therefore, the honest man is much at the mercy of the rogue. To be sure, he has the law to protect him ; but

the rogue can employ many species of chicanery not amenable to law. The monopolist, the pharisee, and the usurer, prey upon their fellows with impunity. In the eyes of the law, he who takes a shilling out of your pocket is a greater scoundrel than the bankrupt who robs you of your all. The law affords no protection to the poor man against the monopolist, who gorges on the heart's blood of the nation. Therefore, he who treads in the upright path of life, ever scorning to sacrifice his principles to interest, has only his conscience to support him when he falls by the wayside. A man in this situation naturally retires into solitude ; for the pleasures of an easy conscience are purely contemplative. Instinct prompts him to flee the haunts of man, as he who escapes scathless from a conflagration is possessed of but one thought, and that is, to retire from the power of the flames.

A man may lead a life of solitude, and yet not be a misanthrope. Byron, who has been accused of every crime which could be invented by the bigotry and the malignity of those who could never hope to "awake one morning and find themselves famous," has, of course, not escaped the charge of hating his fellow, even though he has repeatedly professed that,

"To fly from, need not mean to hate, mankind."

Besides, how much misanthropy was there in Byron's sacrificing his life and fortune in the cause of a down-trodden race ?

A man may have many reasons for seeking solitude. If he be possessed of talent, the bitter pangs of unrewarded merit ; if he has endeavored to advance himself in the commercial world, the treachery of mankind ; if he has been indulgent to his friends, the rankling thoughts of misplaced confidence ; if he has loved, the inconstancy of woman ; if he has sinned, the hope of expiating his fault.

Perhaps there is more enjoyment than pleasure in a sedentary life. Pleasure is a word of manifold interpretations, and refers more to the senses than to the heart. A man who seeks solitude to forget an injury, or to atone for a crime, wishes comfort rather than enjoyment — happiness rather than pleasure. Whatever delight he receives, is derived from his surroundings. The blue sky, the waving trees, the purling brooks, the variegated flowers, all these possess a more than usual charm for him, by being associated only with pleasing ideas. The contrast between them and his former habitation is too marked to recall the unpleasant phases in his life. In the place of friends, he has books, those "silent companions of the lonely hour," of which Lord Bacon says : "Do but look upon good books ; they are true friends, that will neither flatter nor dissemble." The loneliness of a life of solitude is much dissipated by a predilection for polite learning. A man with such a bent wishes no other friend than a book ; and being removed

from the objects of his past unhappiness, he will lead a life of contentment, if not of pleasure. Under the circumstances, he could expect no more. The pleasures of solitude have only a negative quality ; they afford rest rather than enjoyment. Man is a social being ; and the wilderness is the home of the savage, and of the beast. The eremite retires from the haunts of man to flee the cruelties of the world. He no longer seeks enjoyment, but his desire is a rational one—it is rest.

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## ETHEL.

**I**N the western part of England, during the mediæval ages, Castle Elderclaire reared its frowning height in all its gloomy, stolid, yet grand beauty. Situated on the brow of a gently-sloping hill, it resembled some grim monument of awe keeping silent vigils over the far - retreating plain at its base. The turret walls commanded a magnificent view of the environs. In the immediate vicinity the monotony of the verdant plain was broken by the interspersing of numerous picturesque groves. Embowered in trees of marked beauty, with the musical purl of many merry brooks, their prodigal splendor caused the mind to revert to those elysian bowers which Boccaccio so loved to paint. A thickly - wooded forest stretched in the distance for miles and miles. Sombre and tiresome though the woodland were, when viewed from afar the eye was enchanted at not unfrequent intervals by glimpses of sundry grassy hills and an occasional plateau.

The owner of the castle, Baron Bertraine, a man of a savage and morose disposition, was

somewhat past the meridian of life. His ancestors, who had come over to England with the invading Normans in the eleventh century, had ousted the rightful occupants of the castle from their possessions, and substituted themselves. Though time had erased the vestiges of his ancestral usurpation, the lust for wealth was still inherent in the present baron. Like all those who have risen to opulence from the depths of penury, he was overbearing to those beneath him. So much did he give a loose to the exercise of his authority, that he was secretly hated and despised, despite the respectful obeisance to his wishes, which his position commanded.

The only female occupant of the castle, apart from the menials, was Ethel, the niece and ward of Baron Bertraine. She was a most beautiful maiden, in the heyday of her vernal charms. Her pleading, melting, and expressive blue eyes ; her wealth of golden hair, which fell in nondescript wavy curls down her gently-arching shoulders, coupled with her symmetrical form, bespoke her Saxon pedigree. Her outward charms were only surpassed by the indigenous purity and innocence of her nature. As she wandered about the gloomy confines of the castle, where all the surroundings were so alien to her disposition, the contrast was so marked that she seemed some angel strayed from heaven—a gay but fettered gazelle. A nature like hers was more fitted for a nomadic life among the ever-changing beauties of nature, than to be

pent-up in a dingy, warlike castle, under the thralldom of an avaricious guardian. But Ethel was of too noble a disposition to ever complain of her lot. She even loved her uncle; but with that love which is engendered more by instinct than as a reward for kindness.

So docile had Ethel always been that but little restraint was placed upon her movements. She was permitted to stray among the neighboring groves, and even to penetrate the leafy depths of the forest, at pleasure. It was these ramblings that kept the roses in her cheeks, and prevented her nature from taking on a gloominess in keeping with the castle.

During one of her pastoral excursions, Ethel's pensive solitude was broken into by the appearance of a young forester, named Egbert. Ethel, who had never known the pleasure of associating with those of her own age, felt herself irresistibly drawn towards the sprightly young nomad. The spark of friendship then conceived, by subsequent encounters, was nourished into a tender and enduring love, before the maiden was even aware of the existence of such a passion. Love generally comes to us first unperceived, or prompted by instinct; but we leave it to die, only feeling to desire it when our hearts have grown callous. If all men but followed instinct, and wedded their first loves, might not marriage be generally more happy? From that day Ethel's loiterings became more

frequent and prolonged, until at last they attracted the attention of her uncle.

One afternoon the young lovers were strolling through a shady grove, experiencing all the transports peculiar to first love, when a shadow darkened their path. Ethel raised her eyes in surprise toward the unexpected intruder, and encountered the cruel visage of her uncle, whose face was distorted by the throes of un pitying rage. The cry of wild despair that issued from the inmost depths of Ethel's heart, froze on her lips, and she lost consciousness. Egbert was in the act of tendering her assistance when a blow from a halberd, wielded by the infuriated baron, laid him low. Without deigning to cast one look upon the object of his anger, Bertraine raised the inanimate form of his niece from the ground, and with hasty steps hurried in the direction of the castle. Arriving there, he placed the maid in a chamber in the turret, and carefully secured the door.

When Ethel recovered consciousness, the sun was streaming through the window of her prison. Several moments elapsed before she could collect the scattered fragments of her thoughts ; but when the utter wretchedness of her condition dawned upon her in all its vividness, she gave vent to a flood of wild, passionate tears. There is something so pure, so intense in first love, that even when it is allowed to perish of its own accord, the tender recollections of our early passion will continue to

haunt us in our after-life. But when the affection is rudely ruptured — when all hopes of amelioration have vanished — what a feeling of hopeless despair and utter loneliness takes possession of the soul ! All former pleasures are lost sight of in the one absorbing sorrow ; for when wan grief is gnawing at the heart, any retrogression to past joys but adds to the intensity of the present pangs.

Although separated, Ethel was not deserted by her lover. Young Egbert, after many assiduous manœuvres, discovered the place of her captivity, and aided by the ivy-clad walls of the castle, succeeded in gaining the casement under cover of the night. Joyous though all their meetings had been, these clandestine interviews were rendered doubly so after their recent separation, for the heart must be acquainted with sorrow before it can know a transport.

Ethel's troubles seemed to have but commenced. One day her uncle entered her chamber, and in a stern tone bade her be prepared for a marriage ceremony, as her nuptials were to be celebrated on the morrow. Her intended husband was a certain Lord Leofric, a man old enough to be her father, who had spent his youth in profligacy and was now a confirmed caitiff and *roue*. He had amassed vast riches by gaming, and this covered his manifold vices in the eyes of Baron Bertraine, who was easily induced to barter his niece for a large portion of Leofric's pelf. Grieve not, reader, at the severity

of Ethel's fate ; nor congratulate yourself that you do not live in those barbarous ages. The same things are occurring in your midst every day. It has come down to us from generation to generation, and will continue to exist until the world has run its course, —

“ For honored well are charms to sell  
If priests the selling do ! ”

When Egbert scaled the battlement that evening, Ethel welcomed him with swollen and tear - stained eyes ; and with many convulsive sobs recited the story of the fate that encompassed her. The outburst of boundless rage subsided in the breast of the young forester, and was succeeded by a period of pensive meditation. The reverie over, he arose, and, approaching the couch, soon improvised a rope from the shredded tapestry. Securely fastening one end to the buttress, he allowed it to fall in spiral coils to the ground. Then assuring the maid of a speedy deliverance, he suspended his weight on the frail, swaying support, intending to stay its momentum so that Ethel could alight in safety. His head had scarcely disappeared from view, when the door was dashed open and the baron entered. The trembling maid and the *debris* of the rent fabrics betrayed all. The wandering eye of Bertraine espied the rope, and with an exultant cry he drew his sword from its scabbard. One stroke, and the frail support was gashed asunder in an instant. A pitiful wail broke the stillness of the night air,


followed by snapping sounds of less rotundity, as the treacherous ivy parted in the death-clutch of the doomed youth ; then a fearful thud as the body landed on the stones of the court-yard.

The morning dawned gloomy. A heavy mist veiled the glorious orb of the sun, as though to keep its rays from smiling on a scene of so much misery. A feeling of sadness pervaded even to the groves, and the birds seemed to have hushed their songs. The preparations for the coming nuptials were soon completed. The baron moved about with elastic steps, rubbing his attenuated hands at the prospect of the fee he would shortly receive as the reward of his villainy. He felt no pangs of remorse for the atrocious crime he had committed the night before, and his niece's sorry plight was farthest from his thoughts. As soon as Lord Leofric arrived, he was handed the keys of the turret rooms. With a sardonic smile overspreading his sinister countenance, he hied to Ethel's chamber. He found the young maid silently stretched on her couch, looking more lovely than ever. He called her name, but she answered not ; he shook her, but she remained unmoved. With a cry of impatience, he raised her in his arms ; the body was his, but Ethel was beyond his power. She — she had gone home.


## THE BORE.

He opens everything he sees —  
Except the entry door ! — SAGE.

WE all know him ! But I love a bore. Especially one of those good-natured, idle-loving bores, over whose cheerfulness the ills of life glide away as water down the back of a duck. He has such an ingenuous knack of wriggling himself into our good graces and confidence by his insinuating suavity and studied sympathy. He is a person of sympathetic impertinences, with a heart most elastic and tractable. He can conjure up a tear or a smile at will — just as the occasion calls for. And there lies his great success : for who ever heard of a bore who was not a great flatterer ? But he is not a conventional flatterer by any means. In fact, it takes years of study to become a perfect bore. Like the poet, he must understand fully all the foibles and follies of human nature, and the various passions of the heart. Nor does his task end there. It does not suffice for him to be conversant with their causes and results, but he must have a balm for every woe — a stimulant for every joy — and a goad for every hate.




He seldom meddles with the fair sex ; for with them his talents, be they never so great, are always at a discount. He has vanity enough, to be sure ; but he is not so vain as to believe that he could succeed where all others have failed. Nor can we blame him for the almost religious awe with which he regards all matters pertaining to womankind in general. His scruples are too much colored with discretion and common sense to be misconstrued into a lack of courage. No reasonable man could expect the bore to be familiar with a woman's heart, when even she does not understand it herself ! Yet, in many respects, the bore could exercise his talents upon the fair with great success. His chief stock in trade being flattery, he has the immediate key to her heart. And then he is unsurpassed on the "pious lay." This is also a wonderful advantage to him, for there is nothing more pleasing to a woman,—when she has not anything more interesting to talk about,—unless it be scandal. In the latter, the bore is as to the manner born. His whole constitution is like a sponge, which absorbs all the choice tid-bits of human depravity and matrimonial infelicity. Not only are his absorbing powers wonderful, but his fecundity is so enormous, that what he receives by retail assumes wholesale proportions by passing through him. Nor is he at all diffident in dispensing his scandal. The sponge will divulge its contents upon the slightest pressure. He would not wait for it to be squeezed at all, did he



not realize that he became enhanced in the eyes of a woman by exciting her curiosity.

With all these qualifications, the reader may think it strange that the bore steers clear of women. But the fact is, that he is very sensitive upon some matters. It cuts him to the heart to discover that he is becoming superannuated, and that his position is being usurped by a more fortunate rival. He seems to forget that all the fickleness, the hankering after novelty, was cut out of Adam when Eve was formed. He would sooner encounter an irascible man, armed with a club and flanked by a bulldog, than face that searing scorn and those tacit innuendoes so peculiar to the fair : those traits which their admirers are charitable enough to attribute to a certain gentleness and delicacy of feeling, which they tell us every female possesses ; but which cynics stigmatize as deceit and a lack of the necessary courage to plainly speak their thoughts.


This is the whole secret of the bore's seeming bashfulness. Although he is entirely compounded of deceit and sycophancy, he despises similar traits in another. Indeed, he shrinks from a bout with an antagonist who meets him with his own weapons. And this is the reason why it is usually the younger bore who plies his talents on the fair. For after his first sallies have been repulsed, he seldom has sufficient courage to persevere. All his spirit seems to have evaporated in the unequal contest — for his fair opponent stoops to artifices even too delicate



for his unscrupulous conscience. When she wishes to dismiss him, she makes no emphatic commands ; neither does she go to any extremes. On the contrary, her frowns gradually become more frequent, while her smiles "grow small by degrees and beautifully less." He notices, when he calls, that she has become more subject to indisposition than formerly ; she is frequently "engaged" ; and then often "not at home." At first this surprises the bore, for he never thinks his society could have grown tiresome. But when he hears her tell the servant - girl to inform him that she has gone into the country for a month, he begins to moralize over the cold - blooded deceit practiced by the fair.

When, at rare intervals, he obtains an audience, his embarrassment is only increased. He wonders what has made her so reserved. Where formerly she had stretched out her delicate ungloved hand, she now welcomes him with a most cold and haughty inclination of the head. The cosy arm-chair, which seemed to have just moulded itself to his form, has been removed to some other apartment. This may have been occasioned either by accident or necessity — yet, it is very suggestive. Then he perceives that she has become dreamy, lapsing into various stages of *ennui*. She no longer smiles at his sallies of wit, and his dainty bits of scandal are received as twice-told tales. She suddenly remembers that she has a little brother. He must be so lonesome in the nursery ; she will bring him in to help entertain her

company. Little Johnny is too old to be interesting, yet young enough to be mischievous. At first he is very shy, contenting himself with investigating Mr. Leech at a distance — with a putty - blower. Then his diffidence gradually wears off. He greets the visitor as "Mamie's beau," and other pet names ; places bent pins on his chair ; plays horsey on his walking-cane — and breaks it ; throws the kitten on his back ; draws a bead on his silk hat — and hits it three out of five ; clammers up in his lap, and pulls his whiskers. At last the little fiend is sent to bed. Mr. Leech breathes freer, and hopes to have a pleasant time the rest of the evening. He glances up at the clock, and discovers it is time he were leaving. He is sure some one must have put the hands on at least an hour — but he does not like to say so. As the forlorn hope, he produces a paper of caramels. This had never yet failed to put Mamie in a good humor. But Miss Miggs suddenly becomes aware that she has a most distressing tooth-ache. She accepts them, however, and will give them to Johnny in the morning — but he never gets more than *one* ! At last Mr. Leech prepares to depart. The servant is summoned to conduct him to the door. This is the unkindest cut of all. For he well remembers how kind Mamie was only a few weeks before. How she helped him on with his overcoat and accompanied him to the door, where she kept him talking so long in the hall. How closely she nestled up to him when he shook her by



the hand, and smiled so lovingly that he could not resist kissing her. These reflections only augment his sorrows. He regrets ever having left his quondam friends of the sterner sex, and resolves to cultivate their acquaintance as of yore. Their society may not be so pleasant, but it is more economical ; besides, he feels more at home among them.

He again knocks at your door with the same autocratic insolence, grasps you by the hand, and hopes that you are well. He comes early and he stays late. His prolonged absence has not robbed him of any of his complacent imbecility, nor taught him to take a hint that was not to his advantage. He drops into your easy - chair with the verdant familiarity of an old friend, and makes no excuse for staying so long away. His sensibility is so acute that it would seem to him like adding insult to injury to do so. He likes you to ask him where he has been, for it makes him believe you had missed his diurnal face. He answers you with a shrug of the shoulders and a smile of mysterious import, while he seems to say, " Now, wouldn't you like to know !" as he gives you a sly dig in the ribs.

The complexion of the bore is purely cosmopolitan ; he can make himself at home everywhere — but becomes too familiar by far. He takes up your pipe, smells it æsthetically, glances around the room as if in search of something that is not there, and casually remarks that Honeywood always keeps an open box of cigars for his friends. Whenever the

Havannas are not forthcoming, he remembers that he enjoys a pipe wonderfully at times. In fact, the bore is most malleable to the emergencies of circumstance, and his wonderful knack of assimilating himself to his surroundings makes the welcome of even his meanest tarrying - place the high - water mark of his expectations.

The literary bore is more bore than any of the other bores — the very allegory of boredom. He is an organic lie ; “ a mute, inglorious Milton ” ; a pyramid of platitudes ; as prolix as Wordsworth ; a disciple of Sam Patch. Hour after hour he will read you one of his little poems of “ linked sweetness long drawn out ” ; and though his breath may fail him, his rhymes never do. He has a great passion for alliteration, and tells you it comes natural to him. Tennyson, he adds, carries it to the extreme, and ruins his poetry by making it labored. Then he will quote you a line to show his great skill in the art —

The huntsman hitched on his high hunting horn,

defying any Englishman to pronounce it. He sneers at the old poets, and speaks patronizingly of the new. He thinks that whatever is not prose must be poetry, and says Walt Whitman's is neither. When he attempts wit, he becomes particularly silly ; and shows the shallowness of his perception by remarking, with a laugh, that Swinburne's poetry is soon to be translated into English.

But poetry is only one of his qualifications ; he


must have something not so well known to discourse upon when he moves about in society. He memorizes the names of all the prehistoric monstrosities of earth, sea, and sky; reads up the political economy of Shanghai, — the banquet oration of the Anthropophagi, — the religion of the Devil-worshippers, — and Berkeley's Treatise on the Nature of the Material Substance, and its Relation to the Absolute.

Thus equipped, he sallies forth to conquer — or to keep on talking. He generally succeeds in the former, for he is never afraid of making a mistake, as nobody — not even himself — knows what he is talking about. His tongue becomes the nearest approximate to perpetual motion. There is no getting rid of him. He is not content that his hearer has a due appreciation of his talents, and never offers to contradict him, but he still "keeps dinging it, dinging it into one so."

## SETH.

I HAVE met many strange and eccentric individuals — some naturally so, others whose peculiar traits were developed by force of circumstances — but the oddest and the most curious of all was Seth Madden. Often have I endeavored to account for his chief characteristics by the trite rules set down for governing human nature, and just so often have I failed. There was something so uncommon, so unique, about him ; so many irreconcilable traits, that the acutest psychologist would have been at a loss for means to assimilate them in one human being. He had enough individuality to make a dozen ordinary men conspicuous in the circle of their acquaintances.

Physically speaking, he was almost perfect. Tall, well-built, and broad-shouldered. Perhaps he should have been a trifle stouter for his height ; just enough to fully curve the angles of his frame without approaching corpulency. But the vigorous training he had prescribed for himself, from his youth, had so coaxed the growth of muscle, that it left him without an ounce of superfluous flesh. His



eyes, the most expressive of his features, contained a depth of meaning which I have never seen equalled. Sometimes those large steel - grey, scrutinizing orbs glowed with kind, sympathetic love; and then again they glistened with an almost cruel ferocity. His nature, generally so strong as to seem almost super-human, was yet so tractable that occasionally it weakened until it became as soft as a woman's. I have seen him moved to tears at the loss of a dear friend : tears that welled "from the depths of some divine despair." There was something touching in the tears of that strong man ; so unlike those of a woman. There is a certain hypocrisy in a woman's weeping which dulls the heart to the influence of her tears. It is so difficult to tell what prompts them. Some women weep from instinct, from habit, from impulse, or from envy. They could not be happy unless they did so at regular periods. Their tears are idle and have little meaning when compared with those of a man. It may be weakness for a man to cry, but it is a laudable one. He does so when he feels the most ; a woman, when she feels the least.

At school, Seth was remarkable for his indomitable spirit, impulsive nature, and generous disposition. He was the pride of his comrades ; a shining mark at which they gazed with admiration. Probably his abnormal strength was the cause of much of the reverence and awe in which his companions held him. But he was not a bully. There was no bully in that school after he came ! Outdoor sports were more

congenial to his nature than poring over books. Many times, years afterwards, I thought that it would have been better for him had he devoted himself more to study. He had many of the instincts that make the scholar : his taste was so refined, and his conception of the Beautiful, both in Art and Nature, so true. He would stroll for hours through the woods, stopping frequently to gaze at some little beauty in nature which the other boys passed by unnoticed. A tiny wild-flower, a bunch of variegated autumn leaves, an odd scrap of moss, and many other little things, afforded him an indescribable pleasure. He was this way to the end, but remained too much absorbed in himself to turn the bent of his genius up the steep path of fame.

What I most admired in Seth was his true religious feeling. His was the religion of humanity ; not that sanctimonious hypocrisy which we almost invariably find in church-worshippers, and which is merely a veneering of devoutness over an uncharitable interior, polished with a varnish of seeming godliness. Many would have called him an infidel. Perhaps he was, if good actions, and not pretentious piety, make the unbeliever. Be that as it may, he did many little acts of charity of which a strict follower of the orthodox would never have thought.

One incident I well remember, because it was so characteristic of Seth. We were walking together, when a little girl approached with a pitcher in her hand. She was within a few feet of us when a large

savage mastiff sprang at her throat. The woollen comforter around her neck saved her from any serious injury, but she was paralyzed with fear. In a moment Seth had placed his burly form in front of the child, and just in time to shield her from a second attack. With gaping jaws the brute prepared himself for another spring. I shuddered, while a film came over my eyes ; but it was only a transitory weakness. When I recovered myself, I saw Seth's fingers clinched around the dog's throat. By main strength he held it at arm's - length until the brute was choked, and then dashed it to the ground. The child was crying piteously ; perhaps she was more frightened about the broken pitcher than herself. Seth must have thought of *that*, for he gave her a piece of money, the sight of which dried her tears. I asked Seth if he were hurt. He merely held up his hand ; the thumb was terribly torn. Almost mechanically I followed him into a saloon. He ordered some brandy, filled the tumbler, and with the utmost coolness placed the lacerated member in it. I looked into his face ; every particle of blood had forsaken his countenance ; great beads of perspiration stood out upon his forehead ; but not as much as a muscle moved. Since then I have thought how terrible the torture must have been. But then it was Seth !

When Seth was in his twenty - third year he formed an attachment for Gertrude Hargraves, a girl who changed the whole current of his after-life.

I, who always thought that there was no woman worthy of his noble heart, could never approve of their engagement. Gertrude was too haughty and selfish, too proud and supercilious, to make a man like Seth happy. Nor was I alone in my scruples ; but no one dared utter them in his presence. I can well imagine with what force the arm of *that* Titan would have descended upon the unlucky head, for his love for Gertrude was so wild that it brooked no control. But the climax came sooner than I had expected. She, who had been accustomed to being worshipped by a bevy of admirers, was too capricious and deceitful to remain constant for any length of time. She soon tired of Seth, and cast off his love with as much compunction as she would feel in discarding a worn - out article of her apparel.

Shortly after this, Seth vanished from my sight but not out of my memory. No one knew what had become of him, until one day, two years later, I met him on the street. He greeted me in his same old quiet, unassuming manner, as though our separation had only been one of hours instead of years. I saw he did not want me to question him of the past, and as I knew him too well to thwart his will, I never learned what had happened to him in that time. But he was a changed man. All the sunny phases of his nature had faded, and in their stead was a melancholy moroseness. His face told but too plainly of the wild dissipation of the last two years ; but he still possessed the same noble demeanor, and

the poise of his head retained most of its former proud carriage. That iron constitution was not easily broken down. I noticed a long deep scar extending nearly from temple to temple. It was not there when he went away. I often shuddered as I wondered at the tragic circumstances with which it must have been linked ; but he never ventured to tell me how it was received.

A short time after, Seth and I were returning from a theatre, when a fire-engine dashed wildly past us. Seth's ever-unappeased longing for excitement drew him, almost irresistibly, toward the conflagration. As we neared the scene of the fire a feeling of uneasiness came over me, which was greatly increased when I perceived that the flames issued from the house of the Hargraves. I cannot say whether Seth knew of it then, — I hardly think he did, — for he remained calm and quiet on the outskirts of the crowd.

Suddenly the lamentations of a woman sounded above the shrill cries of the firemen, the hoarse snorts of the engine, and the fear - hushed murmurs of the spectators. How Seth ploughed his way through the crowd ! He faced the sorrowing woman — it was Gertrude. She must have recognized him instantly, for she stilled her cries, and an expression of pleading hopelessness overspread her face. I do not think she uttered a word as she pointed to a window in one of the upper rooms. My eyes followed the movement, and I saw her pet

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dog crouching in fear upon the sill. The poor little creature was moaning and whining piteously ; fearing to retreat and afraid to leap.

Impulsively Seth moved in the direction of the burning house. He turned once and raised his arm with a reassuring movement, as calmly as Hiawatha, when he

“ Slowly waved his hand at parting.”


The suspense was agonizing. It seemed to me almost an age before the old familiar form appeared at the window. The plaudits of the multitude below were unnoticed by him. Not until the little dog had been lowered in safety to the ground, did he raise his eyes. Their gaze centred on Gertrude, and I saw her kiss the tips of her fingers to him. She was happy then, and no longer wept. For an instant the old-time look of kindness beamed in his eyes, but only to be replaced by a smile of exulting scornfulness. His lips opened to speak, but she never heard his half-formed words. The floor on which he was standing collapsed with an awful crash, and that grand and noble soul was precipitated into the blazing chasm.

I have never recovered from that terrible shock. It may have been a foolhardy daring. But then it was so like Seth !




### CHRISTMAS AFTERTHOUGHTS.

CHRISTMAS ! How the heart of man expands to the sound of that word. What tender recollections are closely clustered and linked to that annual turnstile in each one's life. The child, to whom the world is a continual panorama of happiness and joy, awaits with expectant surprise the disgorging of the plethoric stocking, in vivid contrast to the old man, who, with a staid expression of gratitude and contentment on his countenance, contemplates the removal of another link from the chain which separates him from his Father and his God. How different is the delight they experience ! We are told that those who never knew a pang can never know a transport ; that sorrow is given us merely to augment our happiness by forming a contrast. There may be some truth in that, inasmuch as the continual recurrence of pleasure, year after year, causing the spirits to run in one unchanging groove, would, undoubtedly, grow monotonous, and dull the keen edge of true happiness. But do not the sorrows and the cares of this world possess a striking affinity to this utopian happiness ? The child, who is an



utter stranger to the fretful troubles of this world, revels in the Christmas cheer with a zeal and a gusto altogether alien to him whose life has been one vicissitude of care. To the former, all is untrammelled pleasure; to the latter, be his present happiness never so great, it is alloyed with the recollections of unpleasant phases. There is more native simplicity about the child's happiness; he gives a loose to all his spirits, without a solitary thought of the past or of the future. It is better so. Childhood is only an atom of space in the fleeting span of life. But it is the happiest.

In this season of "Peace on earth, good will to man," when happiness is running rampant, how pent up are the springs of Charity! What base ingratitude and selfishness are evinced, and how much more noticeable they become at this period. Man has ever been prone to egoism — insular, unsympathetic and mindful only of himself and kin. In the progress of Civilization, Philanthropy has been relegated to Oblivion with the relics of by-gone ages. Is the happiness of the wealthy marred at this time by the thought of all the poverty and wretchedness of the unfortunate poor? Can they be happy when so many of their fellow-beings are distressed? Yes; their egoism prevents them from thinking of others. The limit of their happiness is so contracted that it is bounded by themselves and immediate friends. Those removed from their narrow circle strike no responsive chord in their bosoms.



Let us turn from the scenes of festivity and enjoyment ; let us flee the cheerful haunts of opulence and comfort, and let us view a few of the multifarious beings who throng our great thoroughfares. It is Christmas eve. The snow, which has been falling all day, has turned to a thick, drizzly mist. The wayfarer shudders as he glides on, scarcely taking a casual peep in at the brilliantly lighted store-windows, arrayed with articles to catch the eye and strike the heart. The icy rain pierces his clothing, while the slush oozes through his boots, sending a counter-current that chills him to the very soul, steeling his heart to the supplications of the needy, and hurrying him on to his bright and happy fireside.

I am standing in the vestibule of one of our large theatres. The electric lights, which brilliantly illumine the street, cast a ghost-like reflection on the faces of the motley crowd who crouch around the door. Unable to command the price of admission, they still linger within sound of the pleasure which is denied them ; resembling the lonely dog, which sat before a mirror trying to scrape an acquaintance with himself. How their countenances, hungry for enjoyment, become animated, and how their eyes are all drawn in the one direction each time the door opens, as if they expected an invitation to enter.

While my eyes wander among the crowd of wretched beings, the focus of my sight becomes concentrated, till it singles out one from their midst.

It is a little girl, seemingly about nine years of age. The rags, which serve for clothing, scarcely cover, much less protect her from the elements. The little basket of flowers she carries in her hand tends only to mark the contrast. I look into her face. What a frightful tale of woe and degradation is depicted in the pinched and hungry features, the sunken eyes, the hollow cheeks, and the thin and bloodless lips ! That face was a picture of ruin, more vivid and more pathetic than any pen could paint. It spoke in the voice of a living pencil, leaving its words indelibly engraven on the heart. Visions of her once happy home thronged in my mind. The father is a confidential clerk, honored and respected. A false friend induces him to enter a gambling-den, where his little store of hard-earned savings is quickly squandered. The demon of gaming takes possession of his soul, and he borrows some of his employer's money. He does not intend to steal it — he could not think of *that* ; but takes it only as a loan, which he will return when luck changes. His continued losses plunge him deeper and deeper into excesses, until the relentless arm of Ruin crushes down, while the hand of Justice is placed on his shoulder, and the finger of Scorn is pointed not on him alone, but on those whom he holds most dear.....When he regains his liberty, he seeks in vain for employment. At every effort he makes to rise, a dozen vulturine hands are ready to beat him down. He is damned by the clergy, reviled by men,

scorned by women, and ridiculed by children. God seems then too far removed from him to render any aid and comfort. At last he seeks oblivion in dissipation, and perishes in a drunken brawl, without a friend to close his dying eyes. The mother — forgetful of herself and child, crazed by despair, taunted by reproach—becomes a drunkard. She sinks to the lowest depths, until she reminds one of Hogarth's figure on the steps of *Gin Lane*. The little waif before me, once the innocent pledge of two loving hearts, is forced upon the streets to earn the pittance that prolongs her mother's shame.

A figure looms up between me and the object of my meditation. I can no longer see the little basket, but a pathetic "Bouquets !" is wafted to me on the still night air. I perceive another female before me. But she is older, both in sin and years, than the other. Still, is it not only a question of time till the affinity between them becomes perfect ? There is no hope for that little child — nothing but ruin, remorse, and death ! I am about to turn away from the object before me ; from the bloated countenance, the lewd leer, the gaudy finery, and the air of unblushing effrontery ; when the features remind me of one I had once known. Only a few short years ago she was the darling of her parents, the pride of society — honored, worshipped, and idolized by all. Then came the tempter, and then was taken the one false step. A step that could never be regained ; for the moment it was made, an inaccessible mountain

arose behind her, and cut her off from the world. While her betrayer was received into society with open arms, she, whose love had caused her to sacrifice all, was lost forever. But such is the way of the world. He who takes up arms against public opinion, but writes his own epitaph. Galileo tried it, and met with persecution ; Spencer, Huxley and Tyndall are still struggling with a stubborn world. To argue that the wealth squandered on all the massive piles of marble raised in worship of Him who preached on the mountains, could be better expended in charity, is to hazard the epithet of infidel. I, for one, believe with Dickens, that God looks with a lenient eye upon those sins arising from love ; — but

“The sin forgiven by Christ in Heaven,  
By man is curst alway.”

### DADDY'S DUST.

WHAT makes you cry, Ma?" asked little Bertie, pleadingly, as he arose from his seat near the hearth and approached his mother, laying his head in her lap.

"Oh, nothing, child! I was only thinking of your poor father, and how much happier we would be if he were alive," returned Mrs. Murdock, drying her eyes. She did not wish her little son to see that she was in pain, but the bright eyes and quick ears had discovered her sorrow, and so she tried to quiet his fears by reminding him of his father—a name he had learned to love from hearing her repeat it so often.

But Bertie seemed to doubt whether that was the cause of her trouble, for he rolled his large blue eyes about till they rested upon his mother's face, as though he could read in her tears more than she seemed willing he should know. He had never seen her so worried before, and he could not bring himself to think but that some fresh trouble had arrived, for to him it seemed a long, long time since his father had set out on his last journey. Indeed, Mrs. Murdock's tears did not spring from the long dim vista

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of the past : her cup of sorrow was overflowed by a new disaster. But she did not wish to worry her little child ; besides, he would not have understood her had she told him. Childhood is made happy by knowing few cares.

John Murdock had been an unambitious man. He was a child of the people, and grew up without any desire to advance himself. He was a commonplace man—there was nothing beautiful in the world to him. As long as he had enough to eat and drink, he was content. He had heard of men who devoted their lives to their fellows, and who had been left to starve for their pains. He thought them fools, and could not see how they benefited the world, for did it not continue to advance after they were dead ! When he arrived at the age of manhood he married, but his marriage was only one of convenience ; his wife was the owner of a house, and that would save him the necessity of paying rent. But his expenses were increased, while his income remained the same. He was too ignorant to practice domestic economy, and spent his money when he was married as he had done when he was single. He never thought that by retrenching one outlet he could supply another which was more pressing. Nor did he stop to consider that the price of one round of drinks among his tavern cronies would keep his family from starving a whole day.

Thus matters went from bad to worse, till Sutter's discoveries in California offered him a way out of

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his difficulties. Murdock was among the first to be seized with the gold-fever, and resolved to join the band of careless, mercenary adventurers. His chances seemed worth any hazard, and he did not scruple to ask his wife to mortgage the house, so he could have money to pay for his passage and outfit. Mrs. Murdock consented. She was weak-minded—even more so than is usual with the sex—and what little individuality she once possessed had long since been mingled with her husband's stronger nature. She married for love, giving up her comfortable home and all the pleasant associations of her girlhood, fully expecting to have a happier life. She never stopped to think that worldly happiness is visionary, and made up partly by hope and partly by imagination. Her married life fell far short of what she had anticipated, and became so lonely until at last she had resort to the mission-house. She organized a Dorcas-club among her fellow-disconsolates, who made red flannels for the heathens while the hungry and naked poor of the parish were told to have faith and put their trust in God, and became a prime-mover in all revivals. The seeds thus spread rapidly took root: she grew estranged from the world, from her home, from her husband, and from herself. After gradually drifting into spiritualism, she at last became a monomaniac on the subject of cremation, upon which many pamphlets were current at the time. Woman-like, she had little self-reliance, basing all her opinions upon the thoughts of others,

opinions which could be changed as easily as they were formed. The birth of her child recalled her lost womanhood, motherly instinct made her once more a wife, and she returned to her husband and her home. But her predilection for cremation was not effaced. Indeed, her last words at parting with her husband were to the effect that, should anything happen him, he would not be buried among the wilds, but would send his ashes home. Murdock laughingly gave her his promise, for he had learned to humor his wife in her one absorbing hobby.

The weary months that followed brought few tidings of the wanderer, and those few were discouraging. Murdock attributed the results of his lack of perseverance to ill-luck. Most of the diggers around him became rich, and many made fortunes out of the claims he had deserted as worthless. When the first pan of dirt did not show a shining nugget at the bottom of the cradle, he commenced to dig in a new place, and although he worked very hard, he did so without a purpose, and for the benefit of those who followed.

For two years Mrs. Murdock supported herself and son by needlework, during which time her husband's letters became fewer and fewer, until at last they ceased. Then came the news that he had been killed in a railway accident. Despite the vehemence of her despair, she never once forgot the promise her husband had made, and when shortly afterward an expressman delivered her a box, she regarded it

as the last chapter in his career. And sure enough, it contained a large earthenware jug, much resembling an urn. She placed it on the mantelpiece, and guarded it with jealous and reverential care.

As Bertie grew up, his mother instilled into his mind a regard for the vase, until he venerated it as something holy. Often would he bring in some of his playmates to take a peep at "Daddy's dust," as he familiarly called it, when his mother was out of hearing; but he would never approach too near, for fear of hurting it. When some youngster, more daring than the others, evinced a sneaking curiosity to examine the urn, little Bertie would double up his chubby fists and thrash him most heartily. Once, when his mother chided him for fighting thus, he replied: "Mamma, I'd die sooner than let any one touch it, because you love it so!"

Bertie was now a clever little fellow of six. He loved his mother, because she was the only friend and protector he had, and it made him sad to see her grieving. His head still lay in her lap, but he had not fallen asleep. He had been thinking what could have so worried his mother, when he suddenly remembered that Deacon Smith had been in the house during the morning, and that a very spirited conversation had taken place, in which he said something that made his mother cry.

"What was the deacon doing here to-day?" he asked.

She kissed him, and did not answer. But when

he repeated the question, her tears burst out anew, and she said : " I owe him some money, dear, and he said he would put us out of the house if it wasn't paid to-morrow."

" But I won't let him. I'll hit him with Daddy's big stick ! " he exclaimed, passionately.

" Hush, hush, child ; you don't know what you're saying. He has the law on his side, and I can do nothing."

" I can, though ! " Bertie interrupted, jumping to his feet. " Billy Edwards says he is an awful coward, and only goes to church because he's afraid to die, for he knows the bad man would take him. Why, he makes his little boy tend his store every Sunday, and Billy once head him say that *that* took all the sin off *his* soul."

She no longer attempted to check Bertie, and he continued reciting all he had ever heard about the deacon. At length bed-time came ; but he could not go to sleep. Though his mother had said she owed a great deal of money, he thought he could soon earn it. He had seen other boys working — why could he not do the same ? With a mind fraught with these doubting hopes he sank into a restless slumber.

After breakfast the next morning he started in search of the money which was to pay off the mortgage. When he had walked till he was tired a gentleman gave him a silver coin for holding his horse. It was more money than Bertie had ever

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owned, and he felt quite rich as he ran home, thinking how happy his mother would be. Quite out of breath, he ascended the steps and entered the sitting-room. As his mother was not there, he thought he would give her a surprise by putting the money on the mantel, and then call her. In his hasty care to place it in a conspicuous position, his hand jostled against the family jar, which tumbled down, breaking into a hundred pieces on the hearthstone. Poor Bertie's heart stood still, his tongue froze to the roof of his mouth, and his knees knocked together with fear, until his trembling limbs refused to support him, and he fell to the floor. The awful horror of what he had done was too much for him to bear. Every little sin he had committed came darting across his mind. There was the farmer with a big stick, holding in his hand the identical apple he had stolen years before. Then came the spinster, berating him for tying a can to her cat's tail. After scolding him till she became black in the face, her whole head changed into the cat, which continued swearing at him till he lost consciousness.

Mrs. Murdock, hearing the noise, hastened into the room, and almost fainted at seeing the prostrate form of her son. Carrying him to a couch, she was returning for restoratives, when she perceived the fragments of the urn. Terrified by the discovery, she endeavored to collect the precious remains. But she started back and screamed, for her hands were running over with shining gold dust.

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### THE BIRD OF LOVE.

DEAR ALF. — They say that Jove laughs at lovers' perjuries. For the future comfort of my soul, I hope that correspondents' promises are included in the category of sinless sins ; for three weeks of my vacation have glided away without your having received one line from your truant companion, despite the solemn vows he plighted at parting. But—though with no disrespect to your friendship—when one flees from the cares and bustle of the busy commercial world to seek rest in the solitudes of nature, among blooming flowers, waving trees, and sparkling streams, the farthest from his thoughts are the scenes he lately left. The heart of man is prone to novelty ; few men are content with their stations in this world. However prosperous they may be in business, they are ever jealous of the success of even their humblest rivals. I have no doubt but that many a monarch has often wished to lay aside his sceptre and take up the cross of the poor man. But enough of this moralizing. I am well aware you have little of the philosopher in your complexion.

I have become habituated to rustic life and enjoy

it accordingly, but at first it was very dull and tedious. The fact is, that the old school of writers, many of whom never saw any more of the country than could be viewed from their garrets in Grub street or through the grated windows of a spunging-house, have given us such glowing pictures of pastoral life, that when one makes a pilgrimage to the shrine of Pan, he becomes dissatisfied with his surroundings, and chides himself for having left the comforts of a city home. But what with shooting, fishing, and basking in the sun, the days glide away with surprising rapidity.

My dear Alf, I can imagine how surprised you will be when I tell you I have lost my heart on a guileless young dryad—a very charming and original little sprite, with whom I became acquainted under rather singular circumstances. During one of my matutinal sallies among the feathered tribe, I happened to wing a plump partridge. Following in the wake of the fluttering bird through the gorse, I suddenly came upon a broad verdant plateau ; and there I met my fate. Standing before me was the most beautiful creature I had ever seen. I became rooted to the spot by the dazzling splendor of the vision. How captivating was the *tout ensemble* ! The graceful, sylph-like form ; the sparkling blue eyes ; the flowing wealth of golden hair, upon which even the lengthening sunbeams seemed to cast a shadow ; the delicately chiselled nose ; the laughing mouth ; the ruby lips ; and the small feet and

neatly-turned ankles, which the short dress failed to hide from my love-inflamed eyes. O Alf ! You who have wandered only in fancy through those Elysian bowers described so well by Boccaccio, imagine the state of my feelings at that moment, and then remember that even the most lucid sallies of your imagination cannot but fall far short of the reality.

At last I recovered from my trance, and saw that the young girl had my wounded bird nestled in her bosom. I was about to apologize for my seeming cruelty to Mr. Partridge, when she anticipated me with, 'Please, sir, may I keep this?' I hesitated a moment at the prospect of losing so delicious a breakfast, but as I took another survey of her charms, I sacrificed appetite to love. 'But,' said I, the bird is too badly hurt to live.' 'Oh,' never mind that ; I don't want to keep it alive.' 'Well,' continued I, charmed by her tender feeling, 'at least let me have it sent to the city to be stuffed?' 'Thank you, very much ; but mother stuffs partridges splendidly !' — and as she spoke, she held the bird horizontally in one hand, while with the other she calmly wrung its neck. O Alf ! had I not felt myself entirely outwitted by this artful little nymph, I should have roared out laughing. But choking my rising choler, I lifted my hat and stalked off in the direction of the ranche.

To make a long story short, she made such an impression on my heart that I cultivated an

acquaintance with her family, for like a skilful artist I commenced to work in the background before I put the finishing touches to the portrait, and so ingratiated myself in the good graces of her mother, that the whole village is agog with vague rumors of 'that city chap.'

When I write again, you may expect an invitation to the wedding of your friend, JACK DALTON.

## THE VAGABOND.

"Let him who is without sin cast the first stone."

**H**E had fallen into evil ways. Either his moral nature had not been strong enough to combat the trials and ceaseless troubles of life, or Fate had dealt hardly with him. I do not think it was the former. There was nothing faint-hearted about Bill ; nor was his life wholly bad or depraved. Roughing it for twenty years among the Rocky Mountains, after a childhood and youth in a New England village, had covered with a thick husk the innocent simplicity of his nature, and given to his exterior a rough and burly appearance. But the fruit beneath was as mellow as ever ; the steel-grey eye was still bright and piercing ; the forehead, now deeply furrowed, was yet broad and noble ; and even the bushy growth of whiskers could not hide the delicate outlines of the mouth, when a vision of happier days found expression in his countenance. But there was a certain sadness about him which time could not erase — some never-to-be-forgotten memory that haunted him continually. It made him reckless, and urged him on to deeds of useless

folly and daring. Yet although his pensiveness drove him into solitude, he was a favorite with his fellow-miners, who regarded him with admiration and a feeling akin to pity.

I had joined the camp rather for the sake of recuperating my health than from any pecuniary considerations. The mining fever had little attraction for me ; nor were my professional duties likely to be much required. A camp of miners in those days seldom needed the services of a doctor. To be sure, quarrels were of frequent occurrence ; but they were ended in a few seconds. Each man knew the consequence of having hot words with a comrade. He who drew the first was victor ; and by the time the smoke had cleared away there was little need of a doctor.

I had taken a liking to Bill from the moment I saw him. Though somewhat effaced by rough scenes and rough men, there were traces of refinement in him not to be encountered among his comrades. His education was so general that I intuitively felt he had not been brought up to the life he was then leading. It was sympathy with his misfortunes, coupled with a desire to learn who and what he was, that made me become a Boswell to his Johnson. But his recluseness made me despair of ever penetrating through the rough garb he had assumed. With such a predilection for his welfare, it was with feelings of the most poignant regret that I saw Bill had fallen into evil ways. A short time

before, his arm had received serious injury in the shaft gear. The boys helped him along as well as they could, and kept him employed doing small jobs about the camp. But Bill seemed to have become quite disheartened by the accident. He did not wish to be a burden on his mates, and though he would have done the same for any of them, his spirit was crushed by the thought of living on their bounty. He took to drinking, spending day after day locked up in his cabin. His strong constitution soon broke down, and he became a wreck of his former self. He associated with the most desperate characters, and was often absent for weeks at a time, returning for a debauch in his cabin with the money he had brought back. Where he got it, his comrades could only guess. I was not much surprised when one afternoon I saw Bill borne past my door on a stretcher, but hastened to him when I received word that he wished to see me.

Bill was lying upon a pile of skins in one corner of the rude cabin. He half arose on my approach and nodded his head in recognition. This inhospitable welcome did not astonish me, for of late Bill had grown unusually taciturn. But when he sank back on the couch with a low, long-drawn sigh, as one oppressed with weakness and pain, I hurried to his side. Feeling his pulse, I looked into his eyes. The sight quite unnerved me for a time. I had seen many men die, but never before had I perceived so vividly that sad, unearthly light of death. Bill

noticed my agitation and fixed his large eyes upon me until they seemed to pierce me through and read my inmost thoughts. Eying me thus for a full minute, he said, in a low, firm voice :

“ Doctor, must Bill pass in his checks this time ? ”

I hesitated. He took me by the hand, and looking me full in the face, continued :

“ None of that, doctor. Tell me straight and honest if there’s any hope ? ”

When I told him he must put his trust in God and hope for the best, he became more resigned. Motioning me to a stool, he pointed to a shelf on which were pipes and tobacco, and a flask of spirits. I lighted a pipe and seated myself by his side. His head had fallen back on his arm, and his eyes remained closed for a long time. By the twitching of his muscles I saw that a violent mental struggle was going on within. At last he seemed to come to an understanding with himself, for he asked for a drink and propped himself up in the couch.

“ I felt I was dying, doctor, and that’s why I sent for you ; not because I thought you could prolong a life that I’m now glad is drawing to a close, but because you could do more for me than any of the boys. I’ve something I reckon I should tell you, for I want to make my peace with my Maker. I once resolved to let my life remain buried in my bosom, but I then had youth and novelty to divert my thoughts. These wild scenes drove the past from my memory, and made me hope for happiness

which my judgment should have told me I could never have. But the approach of death shows me that man can never be satisfied with this life, and that he must look for happiness beyond the grave."

Bill remained silent for a time. I thought he was doubting whether he should confide his past history to a comparative stranger. He must have soon silenced any scruples he might have had, for he continued :

"I was born in Massachusetts, in the town of W——. At the age of twenty I'd received a good education and aided my father in publishing the weekly paper, of which he was the proprietor. Everything seemed bright for me : my occupation was congenial to my disposition, the inhabitants looked up to me, and I had the love of one whom I intended to soon make my wife. In the midst of my happiness, a small band of revivalists spread their tent among us, proposing to carry on a vigorous and lengthy crusade. The leader, Judas Cantwell, found lodgings at the home of my betrothed, whose parents were as poor as they were happy. My father was greatly opposed to these enthusiastic Christians, saying that they debased human nature and brought ridicule upon religion by representing it as a stump-speaker does a dishonest politician. I thought he was too severe in his judgment, for they appeared honest and sincere men, although they did manage to get a good deal of money. Under the influence of Cantwell, my Stella conceived

an aversion to all worldly things, and was constant in her attendance at the meetings. Indeed, each of these men seemed to have taken some young and innocent girl under his especial care. I noticed a great change in Stella: she shunned her former companions; a weird, wild light had come into her eyes; and she became subject to violent fits of hysteria. She no longer took any pleasure in my society, and my chaste caresses were met with looks of disapproval. I was driven nearly insane with her indifference during the few months that followed, by the end of which time her dislike for me had become too noticeable to be misunderstood. Not long after this, Stella's mother sent me a message, begging my immediate attendance. I responded hurriedly, and found the whole family plunged into the most vehement grief. It was the same old story. Under the garb of sanctity, Cantwell had gradually weaned Stella from her lover, from her father, and from her mother. When he had accomplished her ruin, he fled from the scene of his infamy. She remained in her room. Shame, humiliation, and the sudden realization of her misplaced confidence, had undermined her health. I knelt by her bedside and prayed. With tears in her eyes she called God to witness that she had never intended to wrong me. By the most insinuating villainy, Cantwell had weakened her intellect and, under what is erroneously called religious excitement, betrayed her. She assured me that she

was unconscious of all at the time, and had no power to resist him. I prayed God to forgive her, and told her I believed all she had said. I could not have said otherwise, for nothing could ever have made me doubt her. — But, doctor, was what she said true? You know more about that than I do."

The dying man's eyes were turned upon me. I could not evade his question, nor was it in my heart to tell him other than that truth which is so little understood. I assured him that what she said was true; that, instead of being beneficial, all revivals had the most debasing effect upon weak-minded woman; that what was called religious excitement, was the derangement of their nervous systems and the overpowering influence of passions which they would be ashamed to acknowledge; and that a woman thus rendered oblivious was not to be held responsible. I told him that sudden conversions were seldom sincere; and cited the instance of the most depraved characters who often startle one with the vehemence of their prayers at revivals, but who return to their haunts of sin when the excitement has left them. I also told him that St. Paul had discountenanced all such insincerity, when he said: "Hast thou faith? Have it in thyself." My words comforted him greatly, for he was perfectly calm when he continued.


"I was beside myself with rage when I left the house in search of the despoiler of my happiness.

The news had spread, and I found an angry crowd gathered around the tent, which was being struck in great haste. The revivalists protested that Cantwell had nothing to do with them ; that they had met him during one of their peregrinations, and that he had followed them wherever they went. I knew they were lying, for he had superintended all their meetings. But what convinced me most, was the fact that he had always taken charge of the collection-baskets. Cantwell was not to be found. I felt that God would not let him escape my vengeance, and employed a little boy to discover the destination of the enthusiasts. They spread their tent in a village some miles beyond, whither I rapidly followed. The meeting was in progress when I arrived, and, O God ! what were my feelings when I saw the despicable wretch exhorting his ignorant hearers to join the army of Christ ! I rushed toward the platform. He heard the noise, and turned, meeting me face to face. He made a movement as if to draw a weapon ; but I was upon him. Seizing his hands, with all the rage of blighted hopes and ruined happiness, I bore him back. His wrists snapped in two like pipe-stems. I grasped him by the throat and dealt him a blow between the temples. He fell backward with a low groan, and I lost consciousness. When I regained my senses, I found myself hemmed in by prison walls. The jailer said that Cantwell was dead — that his skull had been fractured by the fall. I got down on my knees and prayed in

gratitude for the speedy retribution that had overtaken him.

"The news of my incarceration soon reached my friends, and a party of the boys, under cover of the night, effected an entrance to my cell and liberated me. My Stella had already breathed her last, while her mother and her father were not expected to live. My friends supplied me with money, and advised me to escape. Why should I stay? The public sympathy was with me, but the bigotry of the jury might have convicted me of a crime of which I felt innocent. My Stella was dead, her murder was expiated, I had nothing left to live for, so I was easily prevailed upon to follow their counsel. Twenty years have come and gone since then. If I have been reckless of my life, it was because I did not care to live; if I have shunned the haunts of men, it was because their treachery drove me from them; if I have committed a crime, it was because my necessity was great; if I fled without looking upon the last resting place of my love, it was because she was buried here — away down here where a fellow feels it the most," and as he spoke he placed his hand upon his heart.

He ceased, because his breath had almost fled. A cordial revived him only for a moment. He expressed a wish to be carried out in the open air, for he wanted to die with the bright blue sky above him. It would make him feel nearer to heaven, he said. "The twilight was drawing on apace; the sun



was just dipping his golden disc beyond the distant hills. Bill was nearing his end. He was resigned, and I knew his death would be an easy one. I saw him make a movement toward his breast, and, opening his buckskin jacket, I drew from his bosom the miniature of a beautiful girl. He had fallen back in my arms, and a smile of pleasure and gratitude lit up his ghastly features as I placed the picture to his lips. I asked him if he had any message to leave ; there was a tremor of his mouth. I bent down to catch his last words :

“ Yes, tell the boys, Bill 's gone home ! ”


## THE APOSTATE OF LOVE.

SOME years ago I met with a very original character, Percy Milnes by name. A certain similitude of disposition made us firm friends, and I enjoyed his perfect confidence. He was young — one-and-twenty — but an excellent education and an extensive knowledge of the world made him appear much older. His individuality was distinctly marked, but so indigenious to himself that months elapsed before I could understand him. I gleaned much of his past history from a few fugitive expressions he had let fall from time to time ; for he was usually very reticent in speaking of his private affairs. His father, who had been a linen-draper in London, died when Percy was but nine years of age. For a time his mother had continued the business, but the responsibility proving too great, and affording at best but a precarious subsistence, she retired, and came to the new world.

Trusting explicitly in the benignity of Providence to replenish their little store, they existed with no thought of the future. Although they lived frugally, within three years their little fortune had so visibly

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diminished as to make it apparent that something must be done ; for in continual subtractions, with no additions, money soon vanishes. Percy, having a talent for painting, deemed it incumbent on him to meet the emergencies of fortune, and with little difficulty obtained employment. Urged on by ambition, and disheartened by the miserable pittance he was receiving from his employers, Percy had, two years before I met him, opened a small studio of his own. What is known as prosperity in business, if traced to its source, will, in the majority of cases, be found to arise from hard work rather than from any freak of fortune. Thanks to his untiring industry, Percy scarcely knew an idle moment after the first few months had elapsed. It was here that he displayed one of his chief characteristics. Unlike most young persons, he was not versatile, continually rushing headlong into utopian enterprises, only to be cast aside for new schemes as soon as the novelty wore off. He never did anything hastily, but when his mind was once made up, he became as fixed as the north star. Whatever object he undertook, be it ever so trifling in its import, he never allowed it to flag, but persevered heart and soul toward its consummation. Still, he received little encouragement ; while the work was hard, the profit was proportionately small. He soon discovered that a lack of influential patrons not only operated greatly to his prejudice, but placed him under the control of his more fortunate collaborators. Even praise,



which is so delectable to the heart and vanity of the youthful *dilettante*, was denied him. His labors consisted rather of finishing the work of others than originating any of his own. In short, he belonged to that vast army of supernumeraries who "fill in" the less important parts of the works of more successful rivals. Even though there was but little responsibility attached to this calling, yet, having to be executed carefully, it was very tedious and laborious.

The sedentary life, incident to his occupation, had a most injurious effect upon Percy, particularly as he had been delicate from his birth. More than once I expostulated with him, advising him to relax a little, from his labors, and take more out-door exercise; but he remained obstinate to my suggestions. He was *so* hopeful. How the poor wan face would flush with honest pride, the toil-dimmed eyes sparkle with ambition, the compressed shoulders cast off their roundness, and the head assume its old-time carriage, as he confided to me his dream of the future! With what a throb of self-congratulation would he show me the recent additions to his little bank account! "Only two more years," he would say, "and then I shall reap the harvest of my labors." I encouraged him as well as I could, though my heart often prompted me to warn him against placing too much confidence in the flattering delusions of hope. But it seemed to me that this feeling of hope was the only thing which gave him

strength to cope with the importunities of the consumption that was slowly wasting him away. Nor was it long before my suspicions were verified. Percy's ambition was to spend a few years in Italy, where he would have a better opportunity of studying. Nor did he purpose going there alone. For nearly a year he had been engaged to Esther Gibson, a girl whom he loved with such a love as only he was capable of conceiving. Buoyed up by these endearing hopes, he labored on with unceasing patience, but to the detriment of his health.

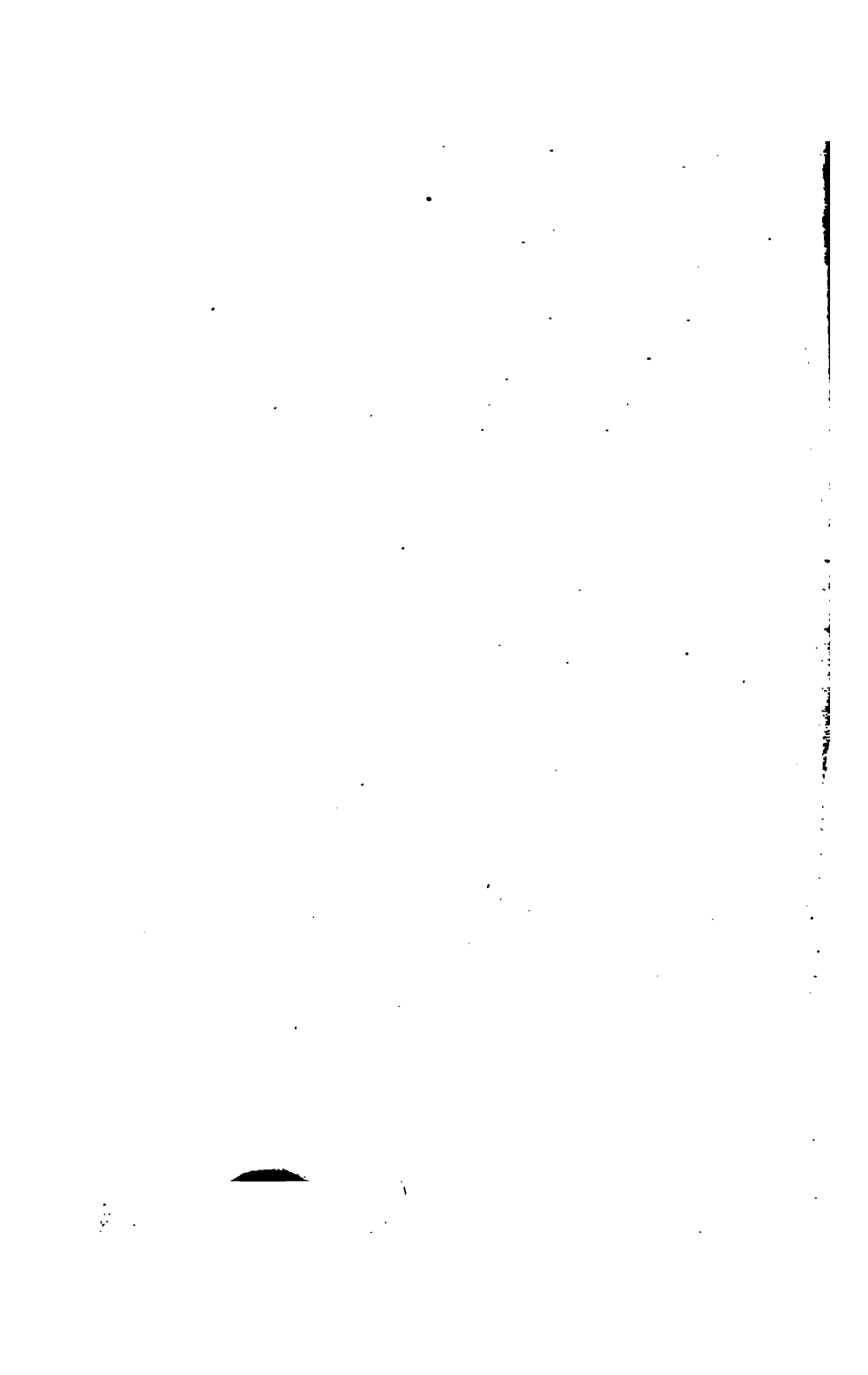
Percy was so sanguine of ultimate success, living with only the one object in view, that, although the course of his love was anything but smooth, I could not but encourage him in his ambition. Esther's parents were opposed to the match, for many reasons ; not the least being his unpromising prospects. This, to me, seemed a most stubborn obstacle in his way ; for however much she might love him, the remonstrances of her parents could not but weaken her affection, as their engagement must of necessity be a prolonged one. Despite the assurances he gave me of her professed constancy, I still harbored misgivings. If the majority of similar cases were analyzed, hypocrisy would be found lurking behind these protestations of faithfulness. There are few passions so incident to woman as the spirit of contrariety, and she appears to derive a certain satisfaction from the knowledge that she is thwarting the wishes of her parents. But, eventually, this

conflict so lessens her love, that the slightest unpleasantness is liable to create a breach. The reason I thought of this in Percy's case was, that he was subject to periodical spells of despondency. When these fits of melancholy came upon him, he grew very fretful and morose, and often insulted his most intimate friends with his unbridled sarcasm. I, who knew him so well, never paid any attention to what he said during these odd intervals, for any admonitions could not but result in a quarrel. He was aware of this failing, and frequently counselled me to never take offense at anything he might say, for at those times he labored under an irresistible impulse. As he had only been accustomed to them of late years, he hoped they would entirely disappear upon the consummation of his longings.

When the summer came I felt very sorry for Percy, for I knew that Esther always spent that season among her relatives in the country. But he bore the pangs of separation better than I had expected. While he suffered intensely, a flood of tears frequently came to mitigate the anguish of his mind. I often compared them to a rainbow of love, for the sunshine of his heart seemed to be piercing the mists that filled his eyes.

But the separation was destined to be of longer duration than he had thought. Esther did not return home when expected, but at the close of the summer Percy received a letter, in which she asked him to release her from her engagement. I saw him

the subsequent evening, when he handed me the fatal epistle, saying, as he did so, that it was *all* over. I was surprised at his calmness, but I should not have been so, for his grief was too intense to find vent in outward expressions. I should have looked within for the vestige of the struggle he was having with the remonstrances of misfortune ; for as the continual dripping of water will wear away the hardest rock, in like manner will the silent tears of sorrow operate upon the heart. I noticed that he no longer took any interest in his studies, and that the trip to Italy was relinquished forever. I endeavored to solace him, but my rhetoric was of no avail. All his hopes had been based on the one object, and his nature was too unyielding to ever allow him to cherish another. Because Esther no longer loved him was no reason why his love for her should be smothered. The average person, in Percy's position, would have discarded all thoughts of Esther from his mind, laboring under the delusion that he had to turn his former love into hate, for the purpose of retaining a certain indescribable something which mortals call Dignity. It is all very well to be dignified, but no man should allow it to warp all the finer sensibilities of his nature. Percy's spirit was not vindictive, so he could derive no comfort from becoming dignified. If there had been less sincerity in his nature the gaunt fingers of sorrow would not have left their indelible imprint upon his heart. But after all, it was only hope that





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